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EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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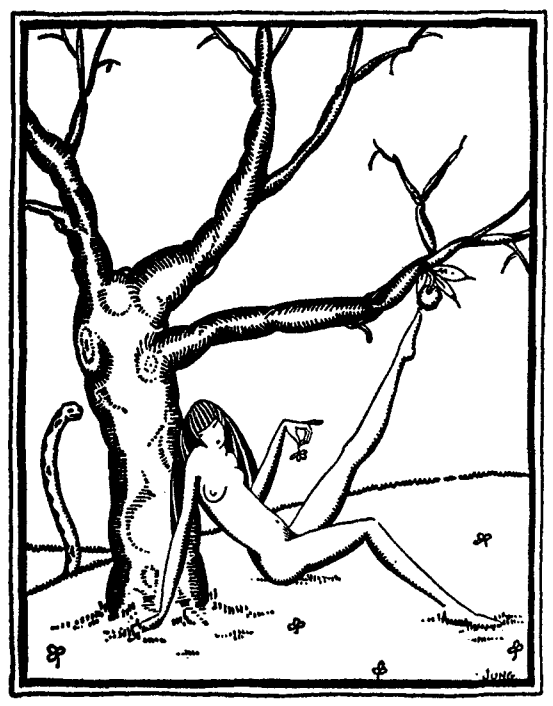

Jacket Design for "Something About Eve"

The Stately Southerner

JOHN PAUL JONES, Man of Action. By PHILLIPS RUSSELL. Drawings by Leon Underwood. New York: Brentanos. 1927. $5.

Reviewed by CAPTAIN DAVID W. BONE

It was the Stately Southerner that carried the Stripes and Stars.
The whistling wind from west-nor'west blew through her pitch pine spars
With her starboard tacks aboard, my boys, she hung up to the gale.
'Twas an autumn night we raised the light on the Old Head of Kinsale.

MR. PHILLIPS RUSSELL enhances the reputation already made by his fine human biography of Benjamin Franklin in this volume, "John Paul Jones, Man of Action." As his sub-title suggests, he limits his theme—in the main—to the one—the things that Jones did well, his seamanship and his sea battles. His longshore engagements have their place in the book, but it is not with the "Chevalier Jones" that Mr. Russell is seriously interested. The sailor, the sea fighter, is, by this writer, well served. His portrait of John Paul, the young Scottish shipmaster, is human and believable. The stage of Southern dalliance is sufficiently, if lightly, sketched, and the author—leaving readable conjecture and imagery to Colonel Buell, and curious, yet scholarly, analyzation to Mrs. Reginald De Koven,—presents Jones as a man of action in the affairs that he understood so well, seafaring and sea combat.

I like to think of Jones as "the Stately Southerner." Miss Colcord in her book of sailor chanteys is at a loss to understand why the *Ranger*, fitted out in Portsmouth, N. H., appears in the song under that name. It is not difficult to explain. A sea captain and his ship, as a theme for fo'castle song, possessed but one identity to the dog-watch rhymesters. Jones was "that man from Virginia," sometimes "the Carolina captain." To sailormen, his golden buttonholes and epaulets (that so annoyed John Adams) would call for a sea term that fitted ship and captain alike. I would take the sailors' word for him, and Mr. Phillips Russell very properly introduces the hero, in Chapter I, as the crew of the *Ranger* would see him.

Here he comes now, striding down the wharf towards his ship with that firm, supple gait which has been compared to

(*Continued on page* 251)

Something about Fig Leaves

Remarks on Cabell and His "Something about Eve"

By HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

MR. CABELL has added one more branch—or shall we say fig leaf—to the Jurgen saga, which now rises (to use his own imagery) like some phallic monument in a South Sea Isle to such a height and such an elaboration as to demand the closest critical scrutiny. For either Mr. Cabell is ironically teasing the dulness of his contemporaries by saying the same thing over and over again in different wordings, or he has produced the most extensive philosophy of human nature in fiction that this supposedly unphilosophical country can boast. His admirers say that he is the greatest of living stylists in English; his enemies say that he is indecent, and, what is worse, repetitive, diffuse, and often dull. There is an irreconcilable conflict between the two groups which only a cold-blooded analysis of his forthcoming Works (in the Storisende Edition) can resolve. That he is a stylist the prices of his first editions would seem to prove, were it not that the highest priced books seem to be those against which charges of indecency (often foolish ones) have been brought. That he is a philosopher has been asserted without much consideration of his philosophy.

I cannot, in the limited space of this essay, pretend to analyze the works of Mr. Cabell; yet this last book, "Something About Eve,"* is in many ways an epitome of the whole. Its leading characters have appeared before, either in their own names or in ancestral prototypes or spiritual relatives. Its new figures are more of the same series of dramatized myths and symbols that enlivened "Jurgen," its methods, its ideas, its solution, are all admirably Cabellian. I shall not be unfair if, in discussing "Something About Eve," I discuss Mr. Cabell also.

Let us, like Gerald Musgrave in the story, take off the rose-colored glasses which Mr. Cabell's graceful English polished to the last preposition has placed upon so many critical noses, and look with all the coolness possible at this story of a jaunt in search of the kingdom of romance.

Thus regarded, Mr. Cabell's book is revealed as an inverted Emersonian essay, written with the ironical purpose of a Voltaire, but in a style of allusive rhetoric which romanticists can enjoy but the eighteenth century would have repudiated. It is a pilgrim's progress through the realms of sex in which the hero who seeks a higher truth evidently prefers and often practises a lower one. Its theme—that sex rules the world—is trite, though there are new things to say about it, and Mr. Cabell says some of them, but the pungency of the book is not in the ironies of its subject, or in its felicities of description, for they alone would grow tiresome long before the end, nor even in certain phantasies of wit and charm; no, the "punch" of this book is in the realities, usually phallic, which Mr. Cabell's *doubles entendres* describe. So cleverly are they hidden that the reader may say with Falstaff of his hostess, "She's neither fish nor flesh; a man knows not where to have her." But if Mr. Cabell should reply with the hostess, "Thou art unjust man in saying so; thou, or any man knows where to have me," one can only respond, yes, Mr. Cabell, on second and careful reading, we certainly do.

The idea of the book is not original. Gerald Musgrave, the hero, is a clear-eyed sensualist who suffers nevertheless from romantic illusions. Mr. Cabell makes a rather feeble attempt to present him as a hundred per cent American who is never shocked by reality so long as it is not called by its right name. But Gerald is much too knowing to be naïve, and much too romantic to be sentimental. The code of his Protestant Episcopal community has made a stale adultery of which he is weary his permanent occupation. When a convenient Sylvan, longing for human contacts, obligingly changes bodies with him, Gerald sets out on a steed of ideal hopes for Antan where wishes come true. He is stirred on to prove that copulation is not the whole end of existence, that there is a higher truth, and this purpose saves him (when convenient) from the sexual temptations which meet him, paragraph by paragraph, on his way. His course, indeed, is outwardly decorous, and nothing could be proved against him and his elegant diction either in the book or in a court of law. He is never "un-American," as Mr. Cabell constantly repeats.

And yet for all his clear eyes one romantic illusion he cannot pass. Sex in its last and most deadly form, domesticity, succeeds where lighter loves have failed. Eve, the eternal wife, is too much for him. The female principle in its connubial form, with supplements of a kindly humor, a home, and a child, block the way to Antan. Christian escaped from them, but not Gerald Musgrave. He gives up the higher truth, and when his son proves to be not only an illusion but a devil able to destroy all ideals which a lover of the higher truth might set before him in art or the altruisms and hope to achieve if undistracted, and Eve herself becomes merely sex without disguise, why then there is nothing left desirable for so disillusioned a gentleman

*"Something About Eve: A Comedy of Fig Leaves." By James Brench Cabell. New York: Robert M. McBride. 1927. $2.50.

This Week

James Branch Cabell: A Poem. By *Richard Butler Glaenzer.*

"Porgy." Reviewed by *O. M. Sayler.*

"Adventures in Arabia." Reviewed by *H. G. Dwight.*

"The World in the Making." Reviewed by *Ralph Barton Perry.*

"Primitive Man as Philosopher." Reviewed by *Mary Austin.*

"Principles of Selling by Mail." Reviewed by *Harry Scherman.*

Three Novels. Reviewed by *Lorine Pruette.*

"Silent Storms." Reviewed by *Ernest Sutherland Bates.*

"Alas, Poor Yorick!" Reviewed by *Gordon Hall Gerould.*

Next Week, or Later

"Field-Marshal Sir Henry Wilson." Reviewed by *J. A. Spender.*

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but to come home and study scientifically these phallic powers that rule the world. As a matter of fact, that is just what the Sylvan had been doing in his absence, and we leave Gerald busy with the ethnology of eroticism as the only sane occupation for a man too old to love.

Now it needs no Cabell come out of Lichfield in Virginia to tell us that sex is a dominant factor, nor even that wives are the enemies of romantic longings for ideal greatness. The idea is trite, and only a new grace in the telling or a new and provocative subject matter could justify another story on such a theme. And it needs more of a philosopher than Mr. Cabell to prove copulation, live in youth or dead in history, is the primal urge, the final duty, the last satisfaction. Indeed it is palpably false; especially as Mr. Cabell applies it.

It is as false as to say that money is the root of all evil. It is absurd except as a protest against some stale and hypocritical Victorianism that denies the sex instinct and suppresses its manifestations. It is quite as wrong-headed as Tennyson's opposite treatment of much the same set of idealistic ponderings in his "Idylls of the King," where, just as the barbarians were once made responsible for everything that happened to the Roman Empire, so the sin of Lancelot and Guinevere is harped upon as the be-all and cause-all of every crack and moulder in Arthur's kingdom. It is particularly absurd in "Something About Eve" which by constant reference and implication is clearly intended as a kind of "Babbitt" to be applied freely to Cabell's own America.

Whatever are the roots of evil in America, the sole root is not sex. In our vast bourgeoisie such vital forces as love lose some of their power for either good or evil. It is not eroticism or its suppression that destroys the ideals of Antan in America, it is not even, to judge from the divorce courts, the delights of wedded bliss. Physical comfort, the power of money, the nervous excitement of strenuosity, the material success indispensable to people on the rise and on the make, are so clearly the great enemies of idealism in America that to describe us as a race of sentimentalists bedeviled by sex and the wifely clasp is like shooting at Paris to hit Berlin. Why, then, should a leisured and thoughtful writer go out of his way to affix his label of pessimistic phallicism where it so clearly will not stick? Why all this ado about male and female organs and their moral for hundred per cent Americans? Why such an unmitigated dose of phallicism anyway; and why so much fine writing on so shallow and so ugly a theme?

* * *

The answer springs to the lips. We know the history of Mr. Cabell's literary career. We remember the silly persecution of "Jurgen" in the courts, the attempt to prove that innocents would be corrupted by language they could not be innocent and understand. We know that he was told by gentlemen who believe that indecency is a question of words, that he must not mention the ultimate cause of population in terms which could have any provable reference to their subject. We know, in short, that Mr. Cabell's desire for expression came into conflict with his environment, and was somewhat rudely suppressed. And it is good psychology to suppose that the warping of a simple theme in "Something About Eve," the obsession with the erotic, the incredible ingenuity in describing physical phenomena, some of which the stalwart Puritan would certainly have "quitted with disdain," are due to his suppressions. He is an oppressed American who displays the expected manifestations.

Not altogether. He thinks that he is suppressed, for, indeed, no one can stop him in his present subtlety and no one will try. He accepts Mr. Van Wyck Brooks's idea of the rigors of the American environment and is sure that he is one of the victims. He is a wronged man who will strike back. Therefore he writes of unmentionable things with impeccable, ironic elegance, which is engaging at first by its virtuosity, but becomes tiresome when the ugly monotony of what he chiefly describes pushes through the veil of diction and destroys the wit. His protest becomes pathological and suffers in its art. A deal of cleverness could be exerted in touching up the operations of a slaughter house, but if the adventurer in words should feel a moral duty to exhaust the unpleasant possibilities of his subject, the blood, the offal, the smell would come through his style, and pleasure would be turned off as by an electric switch. So here.

Mr. Cabell, the true Mr. Cabell, not the oppressed personality, but the romantic-ironic artist, comes to life here, as in "Jurgen," when he touches upon chivalry, when he delves in the wiles of woman nature, when he blends his irony with his romanticism in a hero and calls him Jurgen or Musgrave. He is excellent when he satirizes the furniture of our minds as in that famous heaven in "Jurgen," or the excellent domestic illusions of Eve in this book. He has a marvelous faculty for dramatizing myths and for handling symbols. Poe had it. John Erskine has it, and may have borrowed a little from Cabell. Perhaps the poignancy of the old figures in the new imaginative soil of an American mind accounts for the freshness of Erskine's Helen, of Cabell's Nero, Tannhäuser, Odysseus. I take the greatest delight in Mr. Cabell's Satan. Indeed, the man can illuminate history, and he can write like a fallen angel when the theme justifies wit or wisdom and does not invite concealment. He is not to be set apart from the important writers of the day because his condition has become pathological. But he must not think that, in the words of the enchanter in this book, he is regarded as "a decadent small boy who is proud of having been haled into the police court for chalking dirty words on a wall." It is not pride but a sense of injury that makes the trouble. This small boy has been spending his valuable energies in inventing new words that are dirty without seeming to be. His phallicism, as ornate and elaborate as decadent Gothic architecture, which, once you have the key, overwhelms you with the physical image to the destruction of the idea, is but a fingering of the nose at the public and the authorities. I sympathize with the impulse but deplore the effects upon his art.

James Branch Cabell

(A Snap Shot)

By Richard Butler Glaenzer

To treat you fairly—
American only as Huneker was
(By profane accident of birth);
Indigenous with more dubiety
Than Dvorak or La Salle (of Fort Crèvecoeur)
Who sought a route to India
For the majesty of France,
And tampered with the souls
Of native savages
Pour l'amour de Dieu;
For you would tease us simple Puritans
Back to self-mocking hedonism,
A Cavalier Kali
From whose snakeskin girdle
Dangles the sword Haulte-Claire,
And cantrips curiously inscribed
By Preciose (Vidame Krafft-Louys in Neurosia),
That Child Errant of Astyanassa by Ovid,
That ambiguous Niollast,
Eyes filmed with iridescence
Like (with very nicety)
The barbules of a peacock's tail.

Indeed, it is quite possible that Mr. Cabell is an artist upon whom the American environment has not born heavily enough. He has written in an ivory tower which has been only once (and then ignominiously) assaulted by the barbarians without. He has cultivated a style which, though repetitive, diffuse, and precious, is yet more carefully finished and more literary in the narrow sense than that of any American contemporary. Furthermore, although too clogged and self-conscious to be a good style, it has undoubted passages of beauty and clear effusions of wit. Hence, after a period of obscurity not long for a man of letters to endure, he has become the darling of those who savor fastidious English upon their tongue. He has never had to write for the multitudes, he has never had to be spare of literary allusions, he has never had to be inventive of themes or plots. He has been able to put his energies into the refinement of words and the elaboration of phrase, and he has been read for his style, for his variants upon a witty irony turned or repeated in book after book, and, though not always by the same people, for his ornate eroticisms.

Now we needed some piquant indecency, needed it for our moral health which had been sicklied by a mealy diet of magazine reticence, and it is my regret not that Mr. Cabell is Rabelaisian on occasions, but that, unlike Rabelais, he has been driven, or thinks he has been driven, to make a pose of his indecencies, to sophisticate them, elaborate them, conceal them, play with them, until it is not the human quality but the craftsmanship, not the humor but the challenging fact, not the truth but the exhibitionism, which asks for attention.

And certainly we need stylists, writers with a sense of the rich allusive value of words, who are willing to ponder expression until what they say says twice, once to the mind, once to the imagination. There have been many such and it is they whose books stay fresh in literature. But they have not lived by words alone. Their style has been the outward sign of an inner grace and fertility of mind. Mr. Cabell has taken his ideas too easily. He has never been pressed beyond a few themes, said and resaid in many variations for a band of admirers who have applauded each reappearance of an old thought. It is as if Dr. Johnson had written a dozen "Rassellases," substituting a mountain for a valley or a poem for an oration. It is like a revue revamped.

The police have been stupid with Mr. Cabell for it is outrageous to regard his mischievous sallies as dangerous to public morals; but his own readers have been too kind. They have demanded more of the same, they have applauded *doubles entendres* as the substance when they should have been only the salt of his books. He needed criticism, chiefly self-criticism, and his powers of analysis show that he is capable of taking and using it. He should have been urged to write not merely another, but a new, book.

* * *

I believe that Mr. Cabell's difficulties, so far as they originate in himself, come from his romanticism. He is a romantic born in a period of realism, and developing inevitably the self-conflict that Scott escaped but not Shakespeare, which made Stevenson often miserable and sometimes empty, and which Anatole France mastered only because the romanticism in him was weak. It is a delicate and difficult struggle where ideals conflict with philosophic conclusions or crude experience, and it may result in an irony so fine and so lovely that we hasten to greet the author as the intellectual savior of those who, loving neither Ariel nor Caliban, seek a new spirit which in gross times flies in rarer air than ours. Cabell has the gift of such irony, and it is clear from his critical writing, as well as from his novels, that it springs from a disillusionment with romantic idealism which has become almost complete, while his taste for romance remains as strong as ever. But this struggle must be self-concluded, is subject to accident, warps readily toward the incoherent (as often in Shelley), or the precious, or the gross. Cabell in his ivory tower has been trifled with, has been misunderstood. His philosophic digestion has been upset, his course toward a solution of the romanticists' problem has been interrupted by prudes who objected to his discoveries. Strike back, said his friends, and striking back he has wasted on ingenious obscenity energies which might have gone into invention and the pruning of a luxuriant style. Once off his course the stylist has betrayed the man, and he has exhausted in polish of phrase and skill of circumlocution an originality capable of another "Jurgen," which would not be "Jurgen" over again, nor yet a clever tweaking of decency's nose by a talented gentleman who has lost his temper.

"Samuel Taylor Coleridge, as all collectors know, says *John O'London's Weekly*, "could hardly pick up a book without writing his comments in margins and on fly-leaves. These marginalia are exceptionally interesting for their scholarship, and books annotated by him are highly prized. He made a charming and pathetic apology—and incidentally showed true foresight—in one book of Charles Lamb's which he distinguished with his profuse notes. At the bottom of the back cover he wrote: 'I shall die soon, my dear Charles Lamb, and then you will not be sorry that I have bescribbled your book.' It was S. T. C.'s son, Hartley Coleridge, who, when asked to obtain Wordsworth's signature, replied in a way which more than compensated his refusal. In the course of his rhymed letter he wrote:

. . . . Yet Joseph, if your name had been
Not Joseph but sweet Josephine,
Fanny, or May, or simple Meg,
I might have been so bold to beg
For a few traces of his pen.
But autograph-collecting Men
I know are his abominations
And so are all new Corporations. . . .

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The Play of the Week

By OLIVER M. SAYLER

PORGY, a Play in Three Acts and Nine Scenes. By DOROTHY and DUBOSE HEYWARD. Dramatized from the Novel of the Same Name (George H. Doran Co.) by DUBOSE HEYWARD. Produced by the Theatre Guild at the Guild Theatre, New York, October 10, 1927. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. 1927.

Reviewed from Production and Published Manuscript

NONE of the expedients which the theatre vouchsafes to drama as oral and visualized literature is more constructive and fecund than rhythm. Without denying the presence of this most richly interpretive esthetic medium in the other arts in varying degree, I do not think it presumptuous to claim for the theatre a wider range of rhythmic opportunity than literature or music, painting or sculpture, can afford. Perhaps the most stimulating occasion in several seasons for the study of the operation of this rhythmic function of the theatre is provided in the production at the Guild Theatre of "Porgy," a dramatization by Dorothy and DuBose Heyward of the latter's novel of negro life in Charleston, S. C.

Before we examine the application of this expedient to the initial offering of the Theatre Guild's tenth season, it may be well to inquire into what we understand by rhythm. Rhythm, to me, is a pattern, that basic structure of significant form, appealing through visual and auditory means to the emotions and through intellectual concepts to the mind. It may be either mobile or static. But inasmuch as its nature is progression according to a determined pace, tempo, and cadence within a determined temporal or spacial frame, its normal and most expressive state is mobility, as in literature and music. When rhythm is static, as in painting and sculpture, it must *suggest* mobility. In painting and sculpture, the appeal is visual and conceptual; in literature, it is conceptual and, by use of the imagination, it may be remotely visual or auditory; in music, it is auditory and, in program music, conceptual. But in the theatre it may exert directly, vividly, and to the full all three appeals, each intensifying the others when the skill and imagination of genius guide the combination.

* * *

No one can sit through "Porgy" in the theatre and deny that his eye, ear, and mind have been played on like so many instruments by the various hands of rhythm. No one can read "Porgy," the novel or the play, and report half so vivid an experience. In the nature of the case, the auditory rhythms are perhaps the most conspicuous. The negro expresses his primitive feelings most readily in song and in pungently cadenced speech. His word is the dramatic word, the word intended primarily to be spoken. Often he lacks the faintest notion of how it is spelled or what it would look like in print. Created by the ear, it appeals to the ear. Musically it would have been only too easy to let "Porgy" descend to the level of a concert of spirituals. On the contrary, a rigidly dramatic economy has kept them in their place as startlingly vivid illustration of the action.

Then, too, there are those non-tonal sounds—neither music nor speech—in which the negro delights, with which he reconciles himself to the drudgery of his life. The sing-song of peddler and vendor, the beating of carpets, the rat-tat-tat of mending and making—the pulse of life that pauses only in the fleeting moment of awe after death or in the suspected presence of fear or suspicion.

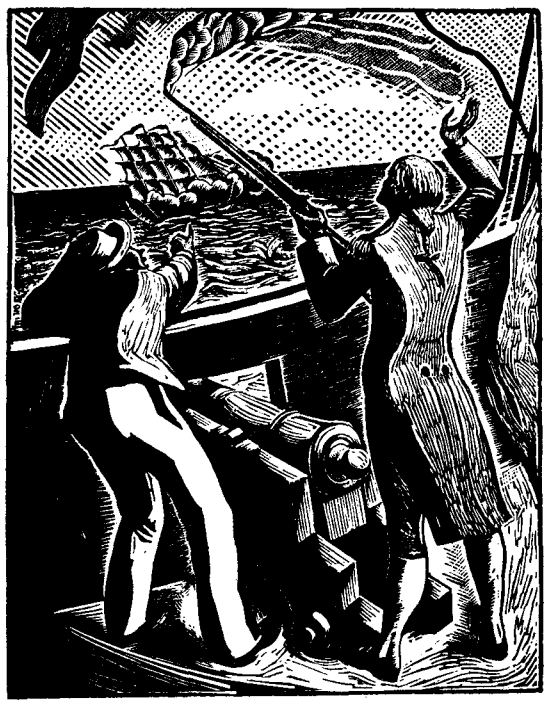
* * *

Hardly less potent, less native are the visual rhythms of "Porgy." Unfettered, unspoiled by tradition and self-consciousness, the negro uses his body like his voice as an agent of rhythmic expression. This use of the plastic body is not limited to the dance. It finds outlet in the strut of parade, in the performance of daily tasks, in religious supplication, or magic incantation. The negro prays with his muscles as well as with his voice—the muscles of his face, of his arms, of his entire body, rocking and swaying to the rhythmic pattern established by the voice. To these visual rhythms, which can be conjured by the imagination from the printed page only in faint and wraith-like aspect, the theatre adds the rhythmic use of light, most subtly handled by Cleon Throckmorton, to denote the stalking tread of day and night, calm and storm.

The conceptual rhythms of a play like "Porgy" are necessarily simple. The relentless procession of life and death. The wheel that comes full circle. The futility of man in the grip of natural forces. The pity and the terror of it all; and the glinting humor and the tender humanity that assuage. Simple in content, and simply, almost humbly, conveyed.

I will cite only one of the many moments in the play when these several rhythms coincide and beat upon the emotions and the mind of the spectator more powerfully by their very combination than the arithmetical sum of their potencies would indicate. That moment is at the height of the hurricane when the denizens of Catfish Row are huddled in Serena's room, chanting and praying for the delivery of husbands, sons, and fathers storm-bound at sea. Only the moment of revelation in Werfel's "Goat Song," likewise an achievement of the Guild, compares with the terror summoned by the visual, auditory, and conceptual rhythms of the spiritual, "Somebody Knockin' at de Do'."

Only by an appreciation of the rhythmic assets of "Porgy" and the knowledge that the production was staged by Rouben Mamoulian, trained in one of Stanislavsky's Studios at the Moscow Art Theatre, can we understand how the Guild, comparatively inexperienced in the interpretation of folk drama, and this cast of negroes, most of them new to the stage, have been able to achieve such superb results. With nothing else in common, the Russian peasant and the negro possess the same mystical attitude toward the stark forces of life, death, and nature. Mamoulian knows his Russians. And using this link with his present wards, he has orchestrated "Porgy" with all the rhythmic skill ingrained at the Moscow Art Theatre.



Illustration, by Leon Underwood, for "John Paul Jones," by Phillips Russell (Brentanos).

It is probably only accidental that "Porgy" is the third of four plays thus far considered in this series to be drawn from novel or short story. In the light of what I said last week about "The House of Women" and the dramatized novel, "Porgy" would appear to be one of those plays in which an artist did the dramatizing. It not only uses all the material of the novel but it heightens and tightens the motivation of the scenes and the characters of the novel. In still another respect, "Porgy" the play, is superior to "Porgy" the novel. That is in its unity of impression. I yield to no one in my admiration of DuBose Heyward's exquisitely sympathetic and often poetic prose style. But in his descriptive and narrative passages, the point of view of the white man intrudes, while in the play the dialogue is self-sufficient and the negro holds the stage alone.

"Tribute has been paid to the virtues of broadcasting from a rather unexpected quarter," says a British journal. "It has generally been supposed that the extension of listening-in militated against the reading habit, but at the librarians' meeting held recently it was stated that statistics showed the contrary.

"Forty-five out of the eighty librarians who answered the questionnaire sent out by an official of the British Broadcasting Company reported a definite increase in the issue of the books which had been the subject of educational talks over the radio."

The Stately Southerner

(*Continued from page* 249)

a panther's. He carries himself erect, with the air of a man who thinks well of himself and does not care who knows it. . . . One of the seamen swabbing the decks calls to his companions in a low tone, and they pause to gaze over the rail with appreciation. There can be no doubt about the picture the young captain presents, brightly outlined against the dinginess of the wharf. Everywhere he is famed for the neatness, almost daintiness, of his dress.

Now his foot strikes the gangway. A bos'n's whistle pipes the side. "Boys," some in whiskers, spring forward and form a rigid lane. Lieutenants respectfully move to the other side of the deck. The marine sentry, dressed in British red instead of Continental green, stands at attention. All hands uncover. . . . He salutes the quarterdeck, but according to an ancient tradition, ignores the "people." . . . Once his cabin door closes behind him, officers relax a little, but the "people" resume their duties with a double busyness, for John Paul Jones is once more on board his ship.

I would hazard a guess that Mr. Russell's book was born in embryo as its author considered the material he had collected for his fine biography of Benjamin Franklin. As he strove with the earlier book there would doubtless be moments when his efforts would be met by some check or weariness. I could imagine him sitting back, idly speculating upon this or that. Franklin's first impression of Jones? His instant recognition of an unusual man. A clear view, unobscured by any shadow of envy or rivalry in preferment that had clouded the figure of the seaman in the country of his adoption. . . . Under his hand would be Franklin's own impression of the man, placing the hero in the right perspective of his times. No fleeting glimpse of him either. Jones, as he came to present his credentials. Jones impatiently drumming his heels in the ante room. Jones, and his interminable demands for action; brave windy schemes. Jones, "a man of gallantry," mincing in the salons. Jones, the sea tiger, making the Texel in a sinking British prize, his own ship foundered in the taking. . . . Who should know John Paul the better. . . . The book under review could be so conceived. In any case Mr. Russell has nourished it finely and brought it forth. If there is little that was hitherto unknown between its pages, it has certainly the merit of a stylish presentment.

Benjamin Franklin, who was a canny judge of men, must have looked curiously at this self-assured young sea rover who had come to him with no introduction save that of a letter from the Marine Committee describing him as "an active and brave commander of our navy."

Already wearied of the American adventurers, civil, naval, and military, who "when pickings at the ports dropped low . . . moved on to Paris and tried to borrow" from him, I could imagine that Franklin's mood at the first interview would be anything but enthusiastic. "An active and brave commander of our navy" was certainly a credential. . . . But there would be schemes. Active commanders, as Franklin would know, are costly in the furnishing. . . . That woefully inadequate purse. . . . What could be done? A serious naval expedition was out of the question, . . . but this man looked as though he could bite, viciously. . . . Two letters are written before long. He introduces John Paul Jones to his good friend, the Countess d'Houdetot, with a letter which said: "When face to face to him neither man, nor, as far as I can learn, woman, can resist the strange magnetism of his presence, the indescribable charm of his manner." The other letter deserves a fuller quotation.

We advise you (wrote Commissioners Franklin and Deane) [I wonder if they had previously led Lee to the court of Bacchus] after equipping the *Ranger* in the best manner you propose, that you proceed with her in the manner you shall judge best for distressing the enemies of the United States, by sea or otherwise, consistent with the laws of war and the terms of your commission. . . . We rely on your ability, as well as your zeal, to serve the United States and therefore do not give you particular instructions as to your operations.

In aught but dreams, did ever a naval captain receive a freer hand. " . . . in the manner you shall judge best for distressing the enemies . . . and therefore do not give you particular instructions as to your operations." Critics would doubtless suggest that this was the obvious way to be rid of an importunate client. Jones, fretting, and tiptoe to prove his captaincy, would be rather a pest in the anteroom. Franklin's shrewd judgment, rarely at fault, is justified. Jones sails, burns the shipping in his old home port of Whitehaven and, returning to Brest after twenty-eight days, answers the hail of the French Naval guardships,—

The American Continental ship ***Ranger*** of eighteen guns, Captain Paul Jones. The prize is His Britannic Majesty's late ship, the ***Drake*** of twenty guns.

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What pardonable pride in that discrepant two! His first substantial victory. Almost, I can see Franklin rubbing his hands. "I knew that man," would be his first comment.

That Franklin's first impression of Jones remained unimpaired in the passage of the years and under the many strains of importunity to support gallant, but windy, schemes for which the times were woefully unripe, is clearly manifest. Time and again, Jones's demands upon the slender French Purse of the young United States had to be met by a refusal, but it was in no spirit of contempt for the "Stately Southerner's" gallant proposals that the strings were tightly drawn.

. . . You and Mr. Ross propose buying the *Ariel*. . . . We obtained her. Now you find her insufficient, and so on, plagued to death with the passions, vagaries, and ill humor and madness of other people.

Poor Benjamin. But Jones, humble as he rarely shews himself, until his brave spirit had been sapped by the ill-recompense of his adopted country, comes to heel at once, and indites a salving epistle that is strangely reminiscent of Robert Burns in his adversity.

I think Mr. Phillips Russell makes over much of the incident in Tobago Harbor, the slaying of a mutinous seaman, that made John Paul mount and ride from the colony. "The spectre of the dead sailor lingered at his elbow." Dramatic, but hardly believable even in the case of one given to brooding as John Paul was, as all seamen are in the course of a lonely life. Granted that, to a hyper-sensitive individual like the young Scottish shipmaster at the date, the whole affair would be fraught with sombre reckonings. The prime cause, an empty commissariat. There would be talk of Mungo Maxwell's death: that plaint had been investigated and dismissed. . . . but the account had been twisted beyond belief by wagging tongues at Whitehaven and on the Firth. (The mulatto carpenter had become his nephew whom he had destroyed in flames.) Bad enough. But there would be no such remorse as Mr. Russell maintains, remorse that "held with him through the years, that tinged his whole life with bitterness." Sailormen are hardly made like that. Chagrin, there might be. Chagrin at provoking a situation that he could not control, at circumstance upon which he had to turn his back—and ride.

His ingenuous statement to Franklin may be accepted as the truth of the matter, for Jones, fanciful and broody, was no liar. It reads right. It is unbelievable that a man of Jones's proven bravery would draw sword and attack an unarmed man. That the master of a ship has the right to chastise an unruly seaman has warrant dating back to the medieval Rôles d'Olèron. With a place in the ship, the fo'castle, to seek for sanctuary, an aggrieved seaman was enjoined to remain there until, as the Rôle provided, "the wrath of the rector abated." (I can recall an incident in my young sea days. My surprise at seeing the captain of my ship on a visit to a sick hand fumbling at the fo'castle baulk. Encumbered by a medicine bottle, the Shipmaster's Medical Guide, and a clinical thermometer, he paused to knock at the door. At the half-deck door, where we apprentices were berthed, there were no knocks.)

An interesting field for conjecture lies in the thought of how John Paul would have shaped himself had he stood firm in his purpose to "thole his assize." The Admiralty Commissioners would doubtless have cleared him of the charge or, at the most, have reduced it to manslaughter in self-defense. . . . And he would be heard of anon, probably under "letters of Marque," for despite his naïve credo "I was formed for love and friendship and not to be a seaman or a soldier, to which I have sacrificed my natural inclination." Jones was nothing if not a fighting seaman.

"Nothing, if not a fighting seaman." That requires qualification. The preceding paragraph is avowedly conjecture. Mr. Phillips Russell has delineated many parts in the actor. And what an actor, what a stage! Supremely loyal in himself, John Paul could draw no more than faltering support from his ranking associates. . . . Even his cherished Simpson—and if a master seaman may not count upon his mate, the sea mounts one more peril —hauls west with the captured *Drake* under sail and ignores his captain's signals: Landais fires into him when he is engaged in a death grapple with *Serapis*. There must have been some peculiar quality in him that reft him of friendship on the sea. Among statesmen and administrators, he counted many loyal advocates. Hewes, Washington, Franklin, le Duc le Chartres, the Count de Segur. Have we one contemporary seaman who thought well of Jones the man? Praise of him, as fighting sea captain, is ample from friend and enemy alike, but only Joshua Barney is mentioned as a sea friend. What was it? Vanity, unheartiness, megalomania, in all —a soul aloof? Mr. Phillips Russell has sifted evidence, and sifted it in a manner distinguished alike by shrewd judgment and restraint, but John Paul Jones is still unexplained.

Leon Underwood's linoleum cuts that illustrate the book are a sheer delight. They fit John Paul and the manner of his times.

East of the Mediterranean

ADVENTURES IN ARABIA. By W. B. Seabrook. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1927. $3.

Reviewed by H. G. Dwight

SINCE questions have become the order of the evening, here is one that might start a hare or two. Where is Arabia? At least one member of the company must be simple enough to confess that until Mr. Seabrook raised the question he had always taken the answer for granted. Arabia? Why that was the proud and secret peninsula of the Prophet, guarded by fiery seas, of which the unbelievers who had seen more than the outer ramparts could be counted on your fingers. True, there was a book of so-called Arabian Nights; but that was merely a bad translation from the French, of which the adjective was linguistic, not geographic. And, of course, there have been since the war a few American newspapermen, members of seagoing universities, and other harmless trippers, who in the free and easy way of their kind gossip about Arabia, meaning no more than Jaffa, Haifa, and Beirut. But when a new book comes out with so exciting a title, only to put you off with Syria, Kerak, and Iraq, your first impulse is to imagine that some one has been setting springes to catch woodcocks. After which you begin to recollect that boundaries have lately been on the move. Is that the geography they teach now? Or is it one of our American simplifications, perhaps? That No Man's Land at the end of the Mediterranean has always been awkward to name. A Senator is as likely as not to call it Asia Minor. Since, therefore, the northern confines of Arabia are so much less definite than the Mason and Dixon Line, since Caliphs once ruled in Damascus and Baghdad, since most of the people who live there now speak dialects of Arabic (as do most of those who live in northern Africa!), since a young man named Lawrence dreamed not so long ago an intoxicating dream, and since dull imperialisms are snows that vanish from the desert's face, why not take the will for the deed and assume that the true frontiers of Arabia are set by Persian and Anatolian crags?

* * *

This theory grows more plausible as you turn Mr. Seabrook's pages and encounter other American simplifications. As, for example, our old friend the Sheik. Now "Sheik," as every schoolgirl knows, is a perfectly good American word, signifying a beautiful young man with varnished hair and pronounced Sheek—or more rarely and more elegantly, Shyke. For my own part, I am strongly in favor of cutting out the elegance (but not the varnish) and frankly spelling it Sheek. That would leave the unvarnished Sheikh of the desert, meaning Elder or Chief and uttered with hawkings which are not for refined western palates, in the part of the world where he belongs. Mr. Seabrook, I presume, thought that too pedantic. Yet it is to be noted that he prefers Baghdad, with the local gargle in the middle of it, to our anglicized Bagdad.

However, it is time to beware of the correspondent who justly complained the other day to *The Saturday Review* of "the general untrustworthiness of book reviews in bringing a book to the particular people who might enjoy it," and "in picking upon what is missing." Let it, therefore, be known without further delay that the particular people who will enjoy Mr. Seabrook's book are those whom cities of steel oppress, for whom prairies are not wide enough, to whom there is magic in the very syllables of Damascus, who have something Elizabethan in their blood that is set tingling when comers from afar tell of "feudal castles built of lava rock, among the mountains on the edge of the great Arabian desert; of slaves with jeweled scimitars; falcons, hounds; white-veiled *hareem* beauties; horsemen with long, braided hair and flashing spears." In fact there is something Elizabethan in the spirit of Mr. Seabrook's account of these things. If Arabia is for him the place where Arabs pitch their tents, however far from Mecca, he is as honest about it as one of Hakluyt's voyagers—and as eager for life rather than books. He went there, he tells us, "for no useful, moral, scholarly, political, humanitarian, or reasonable purpose whatsoever. I went for the joy of it, and because I believed I should love it." He evidently did; for there is a gusto in his story, as in its accent of his own time and country, that makes it all his own. For which an untrustworthy reviewer desires to pay him a humble compliment. That was not so easy as you might think, after Burton and Kinglake and Doughty and Lawrence and all the rest. But one thing about Mr. Seabrook is that he has an eye for a character and a situation. Witness Furja, the desert hussy, and Mara, the little Druse girl, and the tale of the dervish Daidan Helmy, and the one about Goren and his white mare, and "For the Eyes of Gutne." For the Eyes of Gutne, indeed, many a poet, many a romancer, many a composer desperate for a libretto, would give the eyes of his head.

* * *

Another thing about Mr. Seabrook, a rarer one, is that for strange beliefs he has a sympathetic will to understand which good fundamentalists will deplore. It was partly for that reason, perhaps, and not merely for a chronological one, that he arranged his book as he did, in four unequal sections labelled "Among the Bedouins," "Among the Druses," "Among the Dervishes," and "Among the Yezidees." He has extremely interesting things to say, in a narrow compass but entirely at first hand, about the mysteries of the Druses, of two better-known sects of dervishes, and of the very little known "Devil Worshippers." And who knows? It may be that the particular people who most enjoy the book will find nothing anticlimatic in the order of the sections or in the piece of Kurdish jewelry with which the last one ends.

As for the untrustworthy reviewer, he might if he happened to be in an exegetic mood find in a sentence of that last section a text for a homily: "During the three days we remained on Mount Lalesh among the Yezidees, I was not fortunate enough to gain the intimate friendship of Mir Said Beg, though we returned to his castle that afternoon and remained his guests." But *The Saturday Review's* just correspondent shall be spared that homily. It is true that three days are not many in which to form an intimate acquaintance, either with a man or with a place. Yet they may be quite enough to prove a traveler's metal. At any rate what the untrustworthy reviewer likes best about "Adventures in Arabia" is something in the temper of the man who wrote it, irrespective of climaxes and what not. For Mr. Seabrook does not travel with his nose in the air or his eye on the publicity man. He does not brag or borrow or pose. He sets no springes to catch woodcocks. He walks on his own two feet. And he tells you, as simply as he knows how, what he himself saw and heard, on a journey which it must have cost him not a little trouble to make, among strangers who interested him enormously. Still, rather than a yezidi marriage belt, give me the Eyes of Gutne!

What is said to be the rarest private library in the world on Alpine subjects, belonging to the Rev. W. A. Coolidge, an American, formerly a professor at Yale University, who died at Grindelwald a year ago, was bought recently by the Swiss Alpine Club. The books number more than 5,000 volumes, several of them written by Mr. Coolidge, who lived in Switzerland for twenty years and climbed the highest mountains in Europe and the Alps.

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Gazing Toward the Sky

THE WORLD IN THE MAKING. By COUNT HERMANN KEYSERLING. Translated by MAURICE SAMUEL. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Company. 1927. $2.50.

Reviewed by RALPH BARTON PERRY

THE present volume follows the Gallic division *in tres partibus*, the title of the whole referring only to the third of its parts. The opening part is "*My* Life and *My* Work, as *I* See Them." The italics are not given in the original, but there is no injustice in introducing them, since the author is not only acutely conscious of himself, but also approvingly conscious of the fact that he is acutely conscious of himself. Egoism, we are told, is nothing to be ashamed of, because every man is an integral part of mankind and cannot fail to represent and serve it in his very self-preoccupation. Here one's doubts begin. For the argument works equally well the other way round. Interest yourself in other people or impersonal causes, and you cannot fail to represent and serve yourself. In other words, let other people write your biography, lest you stand in your own light, and obstruct your own view. However, Count Keyserling is a man vividly conscious of his mission to mankind, as a "practical reformer from the standpoint of the spirit," or "an orchestral conductor of the spirit," and believes that this mission can best be fulfilled by the cultivation and revelation of himself. Hence the "School of Wisdom" at Darmstadt, which is the instrument of his self-expression, and "the living centre of a new manner of life."

As the first part is a prospectus of Darmstadt, so the second part delicately conveys to American readers the desirability of endowing at Weimar an institution that shall perpetrate the influence of another organ of the spirit, namely Goethe. The sum suggested is one million marks.

* * *

And now for "The World in the Making." History is spirit working itself out according to its own laws. The laws, unfortunately, are not stated. But there is at any given epoch, a collective *psyche*, or unconscious will, or spirit of the times,—and ideas have power only insofar as they "represent" this spirit. Whether this "power" is the same as truth, is one of several things that are not wholly clear. At first it is contrasted with truth, later substituted for truth, and finally it is suggested that truth *consists* in a "concentric adjustment" to "the cosmic relation of things." Every historic culture is a "spiritual organism,"—that is, it all hangs together. But organisms die, and therefore every culture is doomed to disappear. In other words, since culture resembles living organisms in one respect, it must resemble them in other respects! The old European culture is already dead beyond recall. It has been killed by the ascendancy of the "intellect," that is, by science and its technological applications. The perfect embodiment of the spirit of the present age is the chauffeur; and the leaders of the age, are the "chieftains" whom the chauffeur-minded can understand and respect, namely, Lenin and Mussolini. But this is not yet a culture. The new culture is yet to come, and Count Keyserling does not venture to predict its attributes very specifically.

* * *

It will certainly be *new*. Beyond that it will be universalistic or "economic," and, like all true cultures, it will be metaphysical. The present intensity of nationalistic sentiment presents no difficulty, because it can be interpreted (using the familiar Freudian logic) as "compensatory," and hence as evidence of its opposite. The new culture will be European, it will transcend and synthesize, rather than repeat, the past; and it will take the form of an insight or wisdom, rather than a theory. Its advent can be hastened only by the efforts of individuals to solve their own personal problems. When a sufficiently large number have succeeded there will ensue a sort of pervasive crystallization of the whole mass.

The author's closing injunction not to read his book "with a critical-reflective approach" comes too late. Before one reaches the end one will have found himself tortured by many doubts. The author himself has in his use of current ideas entirely succeeded in avoiding the "critical-reflective approach." Psychoanalysis, cosmic necessary, psychological tests, eugenics,—they are all there, and they raise no doubts in Count Keyserling's mind. He is fond of "polarities," "tensions," and "rhythms." True to his own exaltation of wisdom above theory and argument, he resorts to intuitive *obiter dicta* for his premises, and dismisses the poor intellect when it does not submissively serve him.

All of these criticisms do, in a sense, beg the question, and they no doubt betray the gross un-"wisdom" of the reviewer. The fact is that people do read Keyserling, in spite of the fact that his works are not only illogical (which perhaps commends them), but also exceedingly verbose and tedious. Somehow, to use the vernacular, he "gets away with it." There is no doubt a widespread craving for a new gospel, and Americans, at least, are accustomed to look towards the East for their gospels. And Count Keyserling does manage somehow to create a feeling of expectancy as he gazes towards the sky; even though he has not as yet reported very much, others gaze with him. Furthermore, and finally, even though one sees nothing, there is some virtue in gazing expectantly toward the sky.

Aboriginal Man

PRIMITIVE MAN AS PHILOSOPHER. By PAUL RADIN. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1927. $3.50.

Reviewed by MARY AUSTIN

WITH the need that has come upon the Western world of revising all its concepts of man and his place in it, any book by Paul Radin brings a quickened anticipation of remedial aid. Among our anthropologists none has the material and the gift for displaying it closer at hand. Mr. Radin knows how to let the aboriginal speak for himself but illuminated always by the proximity of the highly sophisticated mind, so that the primitive appears always warmer, nearer to our time, and more accessible to our understanding.

Dr. Radin begins his study of primitive man as philosopher by the frank admission of the general unfitness of the scholarly mind to deal with the life of sensation which makes up the outward characteristic of primitive life. He is altogether aware of the difficulty arising out of the failure of the primitive to catch the drift of sophisticated inquiry and so make his answers a response to that unexpressed factor which plays so large a part in the exchanges of minds at similar levels of intellectual curiosity. His first three or four chapters are occupied with clearing up, so far as possible, the clouding of perception by these unappreciated differences of levels of approach. Nothing, for instance, could be more to the purpose than the author's exposition of primitive man's notion of the respective parts played in man's life and in the universe, by man, and by spirits or deities. Once and for all this book should controvert the notion, too long popular, of primitive man as rigid in the cast-iron clutch of the supernatural. Here he is shown surrounded by mysteries, some of which he uses and others he avoids, without ever slavishly succumbing to any, accepting all with a ruthless realism which is the fundamental fact of primitive life everywhere. The primitive philosopher may speculate much as to the nature of the mysteries with which he is surrounded; he may greatly fear them, but he does not at any time seek to avoid contact with their *effects*. It is with this primitive realism that Dr. Radin connects that other outstanding primitive characteristic, the utterly free scope for every conceivable outlet of personality: "No moral judgment is passed on any aspect of human personality *as such*." And it is the absence of this, to us, indispensable moral judgment which permits the primitive practice of prestige-seeking which makes up the major satisfaction of primitive life.

* * *

One could wish that Dr. Radin had taken more space for the one universal corrective of primitive behavior, the sense of society. That Dr. Radin has taken the measure sensitively of the primitive feeling for the reality of society, a reality unrealizable by the sophisticated man with all his invented methods of escaping it, is evident throughout his book. But as this is usually the last key to the understanding of primitive life which comes into the hand of the inquirer, it would have been helpful to have it explained as Mr. Radin does explain the riot of individualism, or as he more exactly says, "personalism," in primitive life.

Of the fredom of thought in aboriginal society he says "it is not due to any secondary emancipation from the shackles of traditional dogmatism, as among us. It is due to the recognition of personality and the right of personality to expression." And again "the life of thought does not tyrannize over even the most intellectual of primitive peoples as it does over some of the least intellectual among us."

The chapters on Right and Wrong and The Ideal Man are too closely woven to admit of transmission in a sentence or two. They should, however, be read not only by the student of ethical origins, but by the student of literature, for the ideas that lie at the root of tragedy, of story, plot, and the happy ending. What he has to say of the primitive idea of doom is indispensable to a true appreciation of the evolution of drama. All this leads on naturally to the display of primitive philosophy in excerpts from primitive literature, that is to say in proverbs, songs, stories, and poems.

Paul Radin's acquaintance with primitive literature, and to an extent unusual among anthropologists, with literary values, is comprehensive, though his illustrations are chiefly selected from Amerind and South Sea Island literatures. That they are almost all in poetic form is inevitable under the circumstance that little gets remembered in primitive society that is not cast in forms rhythmically rememberable. The one point at which Dr. Radin's grasp on the subject slips, is in his failure to estimate the poetic element in primitive thought.

* * *

The first suspicion the reader has of this is his division of primitive men into two type groups, men of action and thinkers. Yet Dr. Radin, if his attention were called to it, would be the first to admit that the major activities of primitive life, even of food getting, are all bound up with what we call, in our kind of society, creative art. It is the artist man that Radin leaves out altogether. This makes no difference in the matter of primitive philosophies, for the poet and painter have in every age the philosophy of that age. Such an omission does, however, throw out of focus the whole history of the evolution of the intellectual life, and the mode by which it is expressed. With this omission of the artist-creator, it is inevitable that the chapter on Mysticism and Symbolism is the weakest in the book, the author, in fact, getting around it by stating that he thinks this element in primitive life has been overemphasized. It also follows from this point of view that the literary selections which illustrate that chapter are the least apt. The Hopi song, "Yellow Butterflies," has about as much place in a collection designed to illustrate the symbolism and mysticism of the primitive mind as Browning's "O, to be in England now that April's there!" would have in an anthology of English mysticism, and at least two of the other lyrics are in the same case. The Pima songs are from a ceremonial sequence which is mystical in its significance, but the songs are themselves as unillustrative of the character of that mysticism as the lyrics out of Handel's Oratorio would be of the Christian doctrine of Salvation. They are, however, entitled to a place in any collection of primitive poetry on their poetic value alone.

* * *

The second half of the book is devoted to the explication of primitive man's higher perceptions, of the nature of the universe, and of God. These chapters are particularly recommended to the intellectuals of our day, whose own notions of the beginnings of religion are clouded by the force of their own reactions against modern religious practice, and especially to those who wrote Outlines of religious belief and histories of religions. It is this second group of papers that more than anything else gives Dr. Radin's point about the necessity of recasting our concepts of social origins. Nothing else written so clearly shows that our boasted modernity of thought is but the slow return of an ascending spiral which exceeds the primitive philosophical concept by little else than a terminology of world rather than tribal significance. Let the reader try for himself recasting the cosmogonies of the aboriginal world in the words of this hard won scientific terminology of ours, and he will not find it necessary to read the concluding chapter of "Primitive Man as Philosopher" to agree that its author has justified his original contention that there is need for revising our concepts of primitiveness, and for beginning with discarding the once popular notion that the mind of primitive man was ever inferior in quality or alien in character to the best minds of today.

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Mail-Order Advertising

PRINCIPLES OF SELLING BY MAIL. By JAMES HAMILTON PICKEN. New York: A. W. Shaw. 1927. $6.

Reviewed by HARRY SCHERMAN

OF recent years advertising has become conscious of itself. This, of course, was inevitable. For, in spite of the newness of this special branch of writing, it is already a highly developed art. Most of it, as with any art, is banal and more often than not futile. But there is much advertising that even the most critical will recognize as creative work of the first order. Turn the pages of any magazine, and soon you will realize that some crafty creator has spread his honey on a certain page, you have dipped in far deeper than you intended, and emerged covered with the pollen he intended you to carry away. Moreover, you will only be aware of this process if you are watching for it. Part of the uniqueness of this art lies in the fact that it must perform its function upon the reader while he is more or less insensible of it. He must not be conscious of what is happening to him. The more he is aware of advertising as advertising, the less effective it becomes. Other forms of art appeal quite frankly for recognition of the pleasure they give and appreciation of exactly what they aim to do. Not this new art. And necessarily so. For in spite of the fact that the best of it is truly creative, and upon contemplation gives the delight that every well-performed effort does, its real purpose is always primarily mercenary, and must, therefore, be disguised.

In another interesting respect, too, advertising differs from other forms of writing: it cannot be content solely with the communication of an emotion or an idea; it must do that and more, it must initiate action. Of itself it must induce a simple, definite, and, frequently, an immediate act. How difficult this is only those appreciate who have learned by experience the deadweight of human inertia. So this writing calls for a special kind of ingenuity, almost a special type of mind, and certainly at least a special training. Because it is so much of an art, there is a question whether advertising can be taught by means of a book, any more than poetry or painting. One either has an aptitude for it, or one must take a long course of sprouts in it, as in any craft, to achieve proficiency and success.

* * *

Nevertheless, there is a large body of experience useful for the beginner to know, if only to teach him what to avoid. This is particularly true of what is known as "mail order advertising," which is concerned, not with the creation of good will or the inculcation of certain ideas in the public mind, but only with direct and actual selling of goods. This branch of advertising works with averages, uses statistics, and its costs and results are measurable with great accuracy. It is this particular body of experience that Professor Picken has attempted to gather and analyze, and if he has not had "mail order" experience himself, he has certainly been an exhaustive and accurate investigator. Somewhat as in the novel-writing and short-story courses, he reduces letter-writing and selling-by-mail to formulas. His rules and suggestions are practical, sensible, and pithy. He works them out for different types of letters—the "selling" letter, the "good-will" letter, the "complaint-adjustment" letter, the "collection letter.

These analyses will at least prove valuable, as Mr. Picken suggests, in enabling business men to criticize, correct, and improve their own efforts, particularly since he gives many illustrations of his points by quoting actual letters, good and poor—good and poor according to the record of what they accomplished, which is the only criterion the mail order man recognizes. The book includes also much sensible advice as to the technical and business side of mail order advertising as distinct from the productive side—how to prepare mailings, how to appraise the factors that make letters succeed or fail in their object, how to make tests, how to prepare lists, and so forth. The author is inclined perhaps (it seems a tendency among instructors on commercial topics) to regard this field too much as a "science." It leads him occasionally into an excess, as when for instance he quotes (as of some value apparently) the method of one writer who judges whether or not his letter has a "break" in its interest, by watching the tension in his eye and ear muscles! There is, however, in this book, only a trace of this sort of Watson-gone-mad psychology. On the whole it is a meaty and instructive survey, which could be used with profit by most of the letter-writers whose efforts, when they are unsuccessful, are largely so because of lack of the experience which Mr. Picken outlines and analyzes.

Assorted Marriages

CASTE. By COSMO HAMILTON. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1927. $2.50.

OVER THE BOAT-SIDE. By MATHILDE EIKER. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. 1927. $2.50.

THE WINTHROPS. By SYBIL NORTON (Mrs. John Cournos). New York: Brentano's. 1927. $2.50.

Reviewed by LORINE PRUETTE
Author of "Saints in Ivory"

TWO of these three books begin with marriages, while Mr. Hamilton's "Caste" is concerned almost entirely with the question of whether a wedding will come off or not. Almost all kinds of marriages pass through these novels but there is not one in the procession which you would care to own. Which may mean that marriages are in a bad way in this twentieth century, or merely that the annals of a satisfactory one provide little matter for the story teller. These expositions of matrimonial relations may be roughly graded as romantic, mixed, and realistic, with the mixed one, which is Miss Eiker's, easily the best of the three.

The people of "Caste" belong to that impossible *haut monde* that maintains complete houses in half the cities in the world, talks of Society with a capital S, and acts in a manner that has almost no relation to the psychology of human beings. Mr. Hamilton has given us his own synopsis: "Max Lorbenstein fell in love with a beautiful and aristocratic American girl. He was a gentleman, but he was a Jew—and there, if you please, you have my story and its modern problem." Doesn't your blood simply curdle? A gentleman, the great pianist of his age, the adored of women, the admired of men, the scion of a great house, but he was a *Jew*. That was all that was necessary to send Jean's parents scurrying across the ocean to break off the engagement; it was all that was necessary to bring droves of reporters and photographers to the ship when they came back and to cause the house to be surrounded by another army of similar loathesome creatures. When father and mother also, and promptly, succumbed to the young man's spell Society rose as one body to prevent the dreadful deed. Although Jean was the daughter of the leader of New York Society she would, by her marriage to the Jew, become a pariah, with all doors closed to her. "You don't understand," declares one of her advisers, "that by getting involved with this brilliant but impossible young man you might as well hang yourself so far as society is concerned." "But what," Jean counters, "if I've decided to hang Society?" But this is treason, the sin against the Holy Ghost. "You can't. As the daughter of Helen and Erskine Farquhar, and the greatest heiress in the country—I might almost say alive—you are dedicated to Society. It has the right to you."

It is difficult to get much excited over the question of doors in Society closing to Jean, particularly when she has apparently just as choice a position in the Society of London and Paris, where, Mr. Hamilton points out, American racial prejudices merely seem absurd. Societies also rise and bombard the young couple, who, instead of getting themselves married and the agony over, wait around to discuss the matter. Finally, after Max spends some time "burning himself at the stake," as his father puts it, he goes away so that Jean may be kept safe for Society.

It is impossible to read the story of "Caste" without thinking of our own newspaper story not so long ago. Just so the newspaper account might have been developed into a novel, by some one who did not well understand the issues raised. It is also impossible not to think of "Abie's Irish Rose," but the conflict seems more reasonable in Miss Nichols's *milieu* than in that of Mr. Hamilton. "Caste" moves along swiftly, it glitters with names of famous places, with money and all the appurtenances of a tinsel world; as a story it doubtless has the justification of appealing to Mr. Hamilton's numerous readers but as a serious study of a social problem it has no justification whatever.

Not many women can have excellent and diverse reasons for marrying the same man twice. Eltin Henderson, in "Over the Boat-Side," is able to do this very thing. So deft a second novel makes one wonder how one missed Miss Eiker's first novel, "Mrs. Mason's Daughters." "Over the Boat-Side" has humor and at times a sly malice; it is gaily and triumphantly unmoral; it shows Cinderella in fairy shoes and Cinderella when she realizes that her shoes were not after all made of loveliness and beauty. Eltin's double husband, Reverdy Smith, makes love so charmingly that from the first you suspect him of the capacities of a seducer. His own aptness at lovemaking betrays him into a situation that is nearly bigamy and the author makes such a situation entirely comprehensible. If any complaint is to be made it is that Eltin in the first of the book is a little too intelligent for a damsel of twenty-one, that her wealthy suitor is a little too faithful through the years, and that his sudden lustful explosion toward the end does not seem to suit the man. But Eltin as the "famous" playwright who cannot place her second play, submitting to the boosting and the boasting of her family and town, provides opportunity for an engaging satire on success. The man whom Eltin might have loved does not quite come through, although the scene in which he tells Eltin that his wife may die, and the later one in which he says in a line that his wife has recovered, are handled with exactly the right touch of light restraint. "Over the Boat-Side" is a novel of intelligence.

"The Winthrops," by Sybil Norton, is advertised as worthy to stand beside "The Way of All Flesh." If I had seen this first I should have been prejudiced by the audacity of the publishers; seeing it at the end I was puzzled by the wilfulness of a blurb that can do nothing but hurt the lesser half of the comparison. Sybil Norton, who is the wife of John Cournos, has essayed the good woman theme, as others have done before her. Mrs. Winthrop is the dominating wife and mother who ruins everyone around her and proceeds ruthlessly on her way, secure that it is God's way. But the cards are too well stacked: one daughter a suicide, one sister a cripple, husband dying of a broken heart, second daughter dead of a criminal operation, favorite son in prison for forgery—not even good women do as much harm as this. The only one who escapes is David, the poet son, and his young wife. In the treatment of this happy home Miss Norton is at her best, giving the suggestion that mild romances of the home and fireside really appeal to her more than the depiction of disagreeable persons like Mrs. Winthrop. One feels that she has been led out of her natural path by the desire to meet the style of the moment. The book should be satire and it is not; it is as bald and mechanical as "This Freedom," where the author also stacked the cards to prove his thesis. Realism is attempted, but it is a spurious realism which consists in showing the disagreeable side of human nature; the characters are after all no more real than the impossible people in "Caste" and they are unfortunately less entertaining.

A Thorny Situation

SILENT STORMS. By ERNEST POOLE. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1927. $2.50.

Reviewed by ERNEST SUTHERLAND BATES

AN American banker who has learned, too late, after the death of his first wife, that it was her mother with whom he was really in love,—too late because a not unnatural shame now prevents his doing anything about it; his second wife, a young French radical, one-third in love with him, two-thirds in love with his nephew of her own age; the first mother-in-law hovering in the offing, resentful at both marriages, but still playing her cards well and in the end winning what is left of the game;—here, Henry James, you writer of books, is a subject made to your hand. It is not Henry James but Ernest Poole, however, who has undertaken to explicate this thorny situation, and the differences in result are notable. One feels, as one rarely does with James, that the author is laboring under difficulties; that he is not exactly to the matter born; that the situation is one which he has stumbled upon in life rather than devised out of his own malign imagination. It requires all of Mr. Poole's adroitness to establish the situation in the first place, and considerable adroitness to keep his *dramatis personæ* from escaping into freedom pre-

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maturely. The minor characters remain shadowy; there is an environmental thinness in the book. On the other hand, there are rich compensations. Mr. Poole clings voraciously to the central theme of the banker and his French wife; worries it and shakes it, now from this side, now from that; draws out its international implications until the reader feels as if not merely the fate of Barry and Marie Madeleine but that of France and America were at stake. And the very absence of Jamesian subtleties leaves these two central characters all the more true to normal human life.

As one would expect from Mr. Poole, it is in its broader significances that the book is at its best. The shifting sense of values that comes to his people as they move back and forth across the Atlantic is finely brought out. One catches the beauty of Marie Madeleine's ineradicable devotion to her country, family, and church,—loyalties that America has missed. One catches also another kind of beauty, less traditional, in Barry's fundamental decency and sportsmanship. It is a pleasure to associate with characters as really civilized as Mr. Poole's. Where Elizabethan heroes in similar situations lived in an emotional cloud of rant and murder, the twentieth century banker sees facts as they are; Barry cannot talk as well as Romeo and Othello, but he has gained in wisdom through the intervening centuries; similarly Mr. Poole cannot talk as well as Shakespeare but he undoubtedly has more sense.

But if the storms in Mr. Poole's book are relatively silent, they are sufficiently tempestuous for all that. The anguish and perplexities of the mutually uncomprehending modern male and female run like a *leit-motif* through the pages. The modern woman, unwilling to sacrifice herself, yet not strong enough to live her own life; the modern man, too weak either to escape from her or to dominate her: both are appealingly presented in Barry and Marie Madeleine—appealingly, and why not, since both are human—and since nine-tenths of Mr. Poole's readers will belong to one class or the other?

A Novelist Turned Hero

ALAS, POOR YORICK! By Alfred H. Bill. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1927. $2.50.

Reviewed by Gordon Hall Gerould

TO write a history about Laurence Sterne that should quite do justice to the subject would require another Laurence Sterne, who seems unlikely in these days to appear. The difficulty lies not in our ignorance of Sterne, but in our knowledge of him. He revealed himself so expansively in his own books, yet so subtly, that no one can hope to equal his performance. Yet Mr. Bill has come off very well in the three episodes through which he has chosen to picture Yorick to us. If he has not succeeded in giving us the man as he was, in all his complexity of strength and weakness, he has drawn a very appealing figure who is more like Sterne than most conceptions of him.

As a story, the first episode of the book, "The Coxwold Comedy," is unquestionably the best. Done in the spirit of comedy, as is right, the stirring events of a night of adventure keep the reader amused and nearly as bewildered as the bishop whose misfortune it was to measure his pomposity against Sterne's wit. The Bishop of Sodor and Man and his Mr. Prorkley, the chaplain, are excellent satiric portraits, while Kitty Fourmantelle is a very proper heroine for a piece of eighteenth century romance. Mr. Bill makes us feel her sprightly grace, which is a considerable achievement. The second story in the book relates how Mr. Yorick intervened to save a high-born French girl from the plottings of an English villain in the service of the Young Pretender. The theme is a good one; but the action is somewhat confused and is developed on rather conventional lines. It is saved only by the figure of Charles Edward, whom custom cannot stale as a subject for fiction. In this episode, as in the final one, which records the death of Sterne, Mr. Bill has perhaps a little sentimentalized his central character, yet he will be forgiven by lovers of "Tristram Shandy," who must recognize that the author of that great work was quite capable of seeing himself as a distressful creature.

All in all, "Alas, Poor Yorick!" is an entertaining book, and far sounder than most of the attempts to reincarnate figures of the past that have appeared of late.

The Bowling Green

The X in Oxfordshire

IF you had a map of the Cotswolds I could show you just where it is—one of these good old Bartholomew maps, 2 miles to the inch, sheet 24, Oxfordshire. There where the map turns pink (which means you're 800 feet up) and the Evenlode (which is not a mining stock but a twig of the Thames) swings round in a curve above Charlbury. The X in the word OXFORD (meaning the shire, not the town) spaced wide across the map, comes right on it; which is significant I dare say, because that is where X lives; the home of the Unknown Quantity. At least it seemed so that chill September sunset, though mind you I know as well as you do that we carry the Unknown Quantity with us and find it where we choose. But anyhow Mr. Bartholomew put the X of OXFORD just there on his map, and he never does anything random. There you will find it, *Wychwood Forest*. Its very name sounds just the way it looks at sunset. Etymology is always a chancy business: I dare say that wychwood has nothing to do with witches. My private guess is that the name suggested that the trees were bendy and flexible (as they spoke of wych-elms). But you wouldn't have Skeat under your arm when you were going through Wychwood at dusk; not even Basil Blackwell, the Oxford bookseller, would expect that.

* * *

When hoak and hash bud together, said the old rustic in the train, there's always a lot of water. When he was a boy, countrymen didn't read, they didn't get weather forecasts in the papers, they had to study the signs of nature. When the hoak and the hash came into bud at the same time, look out for a wet summer. Certainly they had it this year. The whole valley was under water. But it so happened that the one day we had for the Cotswolds and the one morning we had for Oxford were perfect. That was how I happened to see Wychwood again just in that slant of sunlight.

There is something there that Mr. Bartholomew, the wise cartographer, did not attempt to put on the map, except in so far as he suggested it with his big X. And by happy coincidence it was the author of "Right Off the Map" who took us along the road that runs cautiously between X and zero (I mean the O on the map) and skirts the western bound of the forest, just where sunset strikes it. He is a very fast driver, he took us swiftly. I remembered stories of how, when he was an officer attached to Press Headquarters in France and assigned to take visiting journalists for a glimpse of desolation they sometimes innocently mentioned some place (mentioned in dispatches) they would like to see. He always insisted on taking them there, no matter what packages were falling. They had said, in their easy Fleet Street fashion, they would like to see so and so. So they should, and did. Fleet Street has a nose for news; it's good sometimes for that sort of nose to get rubbed right into it.

But there's no analogy here; it was only sunset that was falling on Wychwood. Sunset besieged Wychwood, marched upon it in level attack, but did not get far in. We went fast, sitting against a flux of cool evening, but one could see something of what was there and what wasn't. There did not seem to be much Now, or much you and me. A green Tiffany (as Herrick would say)—a green tiffany of light, a diaper of leaves and shadow, lit the outer works of that strong place. But brightness did not strike in, save along occasional alleys sliced and gilded into the dusk. Along those ways marched ruddy troops of afternoon, they slanted in in stout formation but they came not back. As H. M. T. likes to remind us, you don't have to go to the Amazon to see a jungle. The volleys of light invaded, but they did not prevail. The fluid tissue of leaves and spaces absorbed them, as the world's great fund of silence swallows up the sparkling skirmish of our radio voices. It was like Graham McNamee meeting the Sphinx.

The hoak and the hash—and the helm too, I dare say—kept their own counsel; they will bud together when they choose, insubordinate to meteorologist. But I like to remember that for a few minutes we skirted the edge of Wychwood in western lights, dipped into cool tunnels of forgotten things, identified at least one fortress of the Unknown Quantity. Those who conclude prematurely that the Unknown Quantity has his back against the wall will sometimes revise their notion. It may be that he has a wall against his back.

* * *

How pleasant a backdrop was Wychwood for the lively spectacle of Oxford on a Saturday night. More and more, in Oxford, the Town begins to outgrow the Gown. Cornmarket Street on Saturday night is of a very changing savor. The odd thing, that I have not heard remarked, is that Oxford is growing to be a huge manufacturing city. The big motor works out at Cowley have strangely altered the balance of affairs. It would be quaint indeed if in the next fifty years Oxford should come to be the Detroit of Britain. It is far from impossible. The simple industries of the Cooper's marmalade and the Varsity basket-chair (designed to fall asleep in while trying to read Stubbs's Constitutional History) are no longer her only hostages to traffic. In the center of a great factory town the colleges will shine like the pearl in the oyster shell. The scholar will still fish for his murex in those grots of stone, but he will also know how to convert it into muriatic acid.

So one ponders on Saturday night in vacation, when the Town is at perigee—in search of dancing and cinema. Woolworth is established in Oxford, but I told you that before. Buol's old restaurant is now called Stewart and has a soda fountain. The most atrocious pun in England (crede experto) exists on Cornmarket Street in the form of a confectionery and tea-shop called The Candied Friend. Even Logic Lane (do you know it?) has felt the new day. There is a sign: *Motorists Are Requested Not To Park Cars in Logic Lane.* There are traffic beacons on the High. When I tell you that the famous old rears at Merton have been torn down, you will know that we live now in a quite different era.

Which I do not say in any regretful spirit. Permute her as you will, she will keep her essence. Sunday morning, in college gardens where sunny air is indented by that familiar clash of bells and rooks, you lay away your toy paradoxes and are humbly attentive to her incomparable spell. In a bookshop window you learn that the Bishop of Oxford is now Thomas B. Strong, certainly the right name for a Bishop. The little Friends' Meeting has moved, but a card says that Dr. H. T. Gillett will speak on the Epistle to the Romans, which is happily like old times. The Virginia creeper is turning Burgundy color in the garden quad, old Churchill is still on duty at the college lodge, and the women, as usual, are taking most of the Firsts in the English Literature school. Thinking they might eventually turn out to be young Rosamond Lehmanns and Margaret Kennedies, I made a note of their names. *Nomina Candidatorum qui termino Trinitatis ab examinatoribus in Literis Anglicis Honore Digni Sunt Habiti.* . . . Two men and three damsels got their First in that examination. I made a note of their names, and one was called Kathleen.

There was time, before we flitted, for a ramble through Christ Church meadows. There was the excellent old advertisement:—

> The Meadow Keepers and Constables are instructed to prevent the entrance into the meadow of all beggars, all persons in ragged or very dirty clothes, persons of improper character or who are not decent in appearance and behavior.
>
> To allow no handcarts, wheelbarrows, bath-chairs or perambulators (unless they have permission from the Very Reverend the Dean), to prevent flying kites, throwing stones, bowling hoops, shooting arrows, firing guns, catching birds. . . .

Another visitor, not a tourist but evidently a stranger to the colleges (perhaps one of the motor manufacturers from Cowley) was studying this notice, and he looked humorously at me as he saw me stop also. "That's got to be read carefully," he said, "to find out whether we've got any right to be here."

Christopher Morley.

Gabriele Reuter, one of Germany's writers of best sellers, has produced a melodramatic tale entitled "Töchter (Berlin: Ullstein), a tale of two generations. The book has little value as literature, but it is interesting as reflecting the post-war mental attitudes of Germany.

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Books of Special Interest

The New Education

ADVENTURING WITH TWELVE-YEAR-OLDS. By LEILA STOTT. Edited by CAROLINE PRATT. New York: Greenberg. 1927. $2.

Reviewed by MARION C. DODD

THIS is a simple but thoughtful little book upon an educational subject, but it does not fall into any ready-made category of such books; first, because of its unusual subject-matter, and second because of its method. The latter is one of extremely simple narrative,—for the most part bare of educational theory, bare of deduction, bare often of comments or analyses which one might like to have the writer make and yet which stand out very forcibly for themselves if one has read or thought at all upon the subject. This method has its own values, notably a sincerity and a lack of straining after any special effect that might be laid at the door of a desire to exploit the rather unusual material. The writer offers her experiences of a year's work; you may make what you will of it. You may interpret it as you please since she does not defend herself; you may get a great deal of suggestion and enlightenment out of it, or you may tear it to pieces from the point of view of a supporter of an older and a quite different system. If you believe at all in the newer education you will find this not only an interesting but a very valuable little document, a record to be added to the laboratory-books of those who are trying to make education more alive and dynamic, and who (some of us think) are succeeding so well in spite of loop-holes of unfulfilment still quite visible here and there.

The casual reader will be juster to the book if he provides himself with a background for it by a careful reading of its preface or of some even more explicit statement of the principles of the so-called experimental schools, which believe in stimulating the children's own desire for education by reproducing for them the conditions under which we really learn for ourselves about life, so that they will learn by experiences from which deductions are made through minds awakened to a desire to satisfy their own intellectual curiosity—not passively, or even reluctantly, receiving information prepared and offered them by adults. The unadorned but eloquent account of the response of these children, of the initiative which their genuine interest stimulates them to take in their own progress, of their share in the moulding of their own education, and the vividness and significance which it therefore has for them, seems to testify to the power inherent in this type of education if it is properly handled. Facts absorbed in this way really belong to one; they are not superficial appendages which may or may not "stick."

This group of children has been led along to the year's work here recounted through several preparatory years of the same type, and reference is made to two other books (written by other teachers about this previous work) that would make an interesting approach to the reading of the present record. Teachers will be especially interested in the correlation of certain subjects,—notably history and geography, which seem to grow along together in the children's minds, each to enrich the other; and also in the adaptability for even a twelve-year-old of the use of independent research and the contribution of its results to the possessions of the whole class.

Supporters of the older and more inelastic education believe that in these schools the interest of the child is allowed to play too large a part in guiding his work, and also that order and discipline in the classes are usually lacking. It may prove interesting to read a few quotations bearing on these points and indicating how, in this group, both guidance and control were being supplied where necessary, although often the request for that guidance at special points came from the children themselves. For example:

> All the group agreed with me early in the fall that they were weak in the form of their written English. They asked for a drill in spelling, but I suggested instead regular practice in writing up history topics, science experiments, and original stories with subsequent study of misspelled words.

Later there is a definite request for more instruction in grammar, and their methods of discovering its principles for themselves are described. As to mathematics: "Review tests in the four fundamental processes showed the group divided at the start into two main groups," and the way in which each of these is carried on according to its ability is interesting. One child "asked for drill work in the tables to take home," having found herself weak in multiplication. Later "The girls said that they wanted more practice in fractions and stayed with me for help in that line. To put more reality into the problems I started them on calculations of the cost of the wood used in various toys that they were making;" and "interest in the home-work led at times to requests for extra periods in mathematics in order to find out how to do puzzling problems."

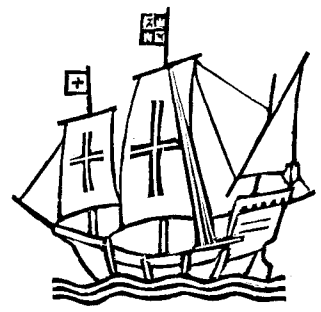
But interest alone is not considered enough in shaping the year's outline. After some laboratory experiments in combining certain materials, when the boys began the year by renewing this work, the instructor felt that "they were getting no new experience out of this," and discussion was opened as to fresh lines of work. Also guidance must be not only ready at hand but not too easy of access: thus "When it came to soldering legs to his steam boiler, he was anxious for Mr. Paley to do the actual work, but the latter knew that Adam was capable of doing it alone, so gave no help, and he did a fine job."

Further, independence of action, thus stimulated, is not allowed to reach the point of distracting or retarding others. "In some work in rhythms one boy became self-conscious and was so foolish and disturbing that with Miss Pratt's consent I suggested his dropping out of the class." Later he "showed so much interest in the accounts of the new dances that I asked if he would like to go up and see them. He accepted eagerly, joined in everything without further ado, and soon was as enthusiastic about going to rhythms as anyone else." At another point, to close these illustrations, two boys "fooled in the laboratory and were excluded for the rest of the week, together with Ben and Marshall. All four were disconsolate."

Lastly, if we turn from these more negative aspects to look for some positive results of these methods, the deepest impression of the status of this group will perhaps be made by the samples of the children's English work, since it is of course here that they have had most direct access to self-expression pure and simple, and over as wide a range of interests as they like. These stories or little essays,—historical, dramatic, fantastic, or merely directly descriptive—give speaking evidence of the live interest which the young writers have in life as a whole. Further, a sense of their growing control both of the materials of this life and of their own faculties and activities in regard to it, is keenly felt by the sensitive reader. And finally the account of the play upon the rather difficult and involved topic of a miner's strike, written and staged by these children during many weeks of various kinds of earnest work and study, serves as an illustration of how all these intangible powers may be crystallized, and, focused upon a concrete activity, may step from the realm of the potential into the real,—a real mastery of environment.

Clarice Tartufari, one of the best of the younger women novelists of Italy, has just written what critics say is perhaps the most felicitous of her tales. "La Nave degli Eroi (Foligno:Campitelli) is the story of a young schoolmistress which gains its effect from its reflection of the spirit of Italy in the war period. The war, indeed, is the fulcrum of the novel, though it is as background only that it is used.

German novelists are evidently frankly turning to melodrama. Heinrich Mann's last story, "Mutter Marie" (Vienna: Zsolnay), is the story of a woman who, as a poor servant girl, bears an illegitimate child which first she intends to drown, and then abandons instead. The child is brought up by a wealthy couple, and when he comes to the marrying age falls in love with a poverty-stricken princess. The girl, however, is pursued by a worthless old profiteer who has got his foster father into his toils. In the meanwhile the hero's own mother has made a rich marriage, and has been left a wealthy widow. Her love for her son awakes and she sets out to recover him. The rest of the story is concerned with her renunciation and her solution of her son's love affair.



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Foreign Literature

"Poetocracy"

NORWEGISCHE LITERATUR. By HERALD BEYER. Breslau: Ferdinand Hirt. 1927.

Reviewed by ALLEN W. PORTERFIELD

THERE may be series of books other than the Jedermanns Buecherei, to which this volume belongs, that contain even more correlated information than is found in the volume before us, but if so, it has never been the writer's fortune to find them. Literary historians such as Henrik Jaeger, Carl Naerup, Kristian Elster, Francis Bull, and Frederik Paasche have all told the story of Norwegian literature, but Elster was the only one who could do it in two volumes while the others demanded four and even five. Beyer has covered the subject in 124 pages. He has left no major theme untouched from the time when Norwegian literature consisted of what the Vikings scratched on rocks to the present when, in his own language, "from the extreme North to the extreme South every valley has its poet."

How did he do it? First by happy use of the outline method through which it becomes possible to give the history of even the world in one book; and then by such condensation as becomes possible where there is studied familiarity with the theme. Johan Bojer, for example, is disposed of in nine words; we are merely told that of the contemporary narrators he is not the most significant but the best known outside of Norway.

The book, however, is not excessively sketchy. Written for the reader who wishes to get his bearings, it leads up gradually to the age of Ludvig Holberg (1684-1754), whom the Danes now try to claim but of whom Beyer says: "He never did take root in Denmark and was loved by but very few of them." After Holberg, it is rather straight going: there was first the national awakening, then the period of Wergeland and Welhaven, after whom came Ibsen and Björnson—and after them that mighty line now as familiar, in translation, to Broadway as to Karl Johan Gade in Oslo.

Every page, every paragraph, of the book is interesting, but the sum-total of its interest lies in the fact that it is a record of sincerity. That is the keynote to Norwegian literature. The Norwegian historian, Ernst Sars, once coined the word "Poetocracy." He claimed that it was the only term that fully expressed the strength and power of Norway's writers. He believed, and rightly so, that what Norway is she owes to her poets. They knew what they wanted and meant what they said. That old *franc tireur*, Henrik Ibsen, was not trying to be jocose when he exclaimed "Be Yourself!" And he did this fully seventy years before that wholesome admonition became slang in the United States.

Professor Beyer has written a great little book. It contains the same type of appended illustrations that always go with the Jedermann series.

A Prize Novel

CENTRO DE LAS ALMAS. By ANTONIO PORRAS.

Reviewed by WILLIS KNAPP JONES
Miami University

THE Fastenrath Prize, awarded yearly by the Spanish Academy, while not the equivalent of the Pulitzer Prize of our country, is not to be despised, and certainly has never been refused. From its inception in 1909, it has been awarded to such people as Fernandez Shaw, Concha Espina, Ricardo Leon, Arturo Reyes, and F. Camba.

In considering prize winners, Spanish literature is divided into five classifications —poetry, novel, history, drama, and literary criticism—and each year the prize is devoted to the best book submitted for consideration in one of the five classes. Hence, when the novel "Centro de las Almas," by Antonio Porras Marquez, was awarded the two thousand pesetas prize it meant that, of the novels submitted to the Academy from among those published in Spain in the last five years, this was considered the best. As usual, the award turned attention to the winner and the books by Sr. Porras were promptly at a premium. Some of them are being reprinted. One, at least, the author wishes forgotten.

Not for an American movie audience is Señor Porras's prizewinning story, in which the hero is killed and the heroine takes the veil. The sense of dramatic foreboding, the heavy pall, is distinctly felt from the instant the story begins to grip the reader. The work is closely woven. Gonzalo Albar, an esthetic sort of person whom we see wrapped in an oriental gown leafing over richly bound books, is in love with Maria Luisa, future countess of Belazor. While hunting in the Sierra Morena he comes upon a bucolic scene where two youngsters, Luis and Aurora, daughter of a poor peasant, are diverting themselves. He witnesses the dawning of love and breaks in upon it when it threatens to become passion. Thenceforth he takes the youngsters under his protection. Learning that Aurora's father is about to lose his farm, Gonzalo borrows 15,000 pesetas from Peleche, the grasping newlyrich who is trying to drive the peasant from his rich farm, and outwits that money grubber by buying it, first planning to present it to Aurora. Manolito, Peleche's son, is Gonzalo's rival for Maria Luisa's affection, and Peleche, with double reason to hate the dreamer, raises to 615,000 pesetas the note and threatens to ruin the young lover. He also sets Luis upon his benefactor, and Gonzalo is killed on a dark road. The end is gloomy desolation. Pan, the charming old friend of the hero, attempts to get revenge, but luck thwarts him and brings more tragedy.

But the story is only part of the charm of the volume. Pictures of Andalusian life, the rodeo, the rural wedding, dances, typical characters, are portrayed with a sure touch, that one who wants to know about southern Spain cannot afford to miss. There is an unforgettable picture of the country by night, another of the mountains, and everything from the author's touches of philosophy to the speech and action of the most minor character proves the deep-seated affection Sr. Porras has for the region of his birth.

Naturally the novel is not perfect. The weeping men and women—almost as many as in a Victorian novel—do not seem convincing and the villainy of Peleche strikes one as being a bit overdone; but the most obvious defect is the stylistic habit the author has of opening his chapters with conversations that do not set the stage, fail to acquaint the reader with what is happening, and so leave him confused till part way through the chapter. This habit dulled part of the effect for at least one reader—especially for the first few chapters.

But the merits far outweigh the defects. One realizes from reading the book, that here is an author worth watching. The other volumes in the cycle will be eagerly awaited.

Foreign Notes

THE second volume in the series, "Studien zur Geschichte der Wirtschaft und Geisteskultur," has recently appeared from the house of Karl Curtius in Berlin. It is by Frau E. Döring-Hirsch, is entitled "Tod und Jenseits im Spätmittelalter," and is a study of the medieval conception of death and futurity. In the violent age of which she writes, death lurked constantly around the corner; plague, public executions, incessant street brawls, and infant mortality made the prospect of a sudden end to life a matter of course, to be accepted without the shuddering horror with which a later age regards them. Frau Döring-Hirsch is largely concerned with the relation of the church to the deeds of violence and the disasters that too were accepted as unalterable acts of providence, and with the relating of them by the people to their attitude toward the future life. Her book contains much interesting material.

Readers of Norman Douglas who are familiar with Italian would doubtless derive entertainment from the amusing book, "Aria di Capri" (Naples: Casella), in which Edwin Cerio depicts the island and its society today. Signor Cerio has a lively pen, and he describes the celebrities of Capri in animated fashion, weaving into his narrative myth and local color.

The Orell Füssli Verlag of Zurich has inaugurated a series of monographs on Swiss art with a handsome and able volume by Arnold Federmann on Johann Heinrich Füssli, or, as he is better known to Anglo-Saxons, Fuseli. Herr Federmann enters upon a study of this contemporary and friend of Blake whom, as the *London Times Literary Supplement* notes, Reynolds expected to become a second Raphael, and who wrote a defense of Rousseau which some mistook for the work of Smollett, both as painter and writer. Students of art will find much to interest them in his volume.

An unpublished notebook of Dostoievsky's has recently come to light in Russia. The notebook was given by the novelist to the young wife of an officer of the marines who had left the army to devote himself to literature. It dates from 1860, and among other reasons is interesting because it makes evident the fact that Dostoievsky instead of returning from his Siberian exile crushed in spirit came back more intellectually vigorous than he had ever been before. The notebook is now in the possession of the Dostoievsky Museum in Moscow.

"La Fille d'Affaires" (Paris: Flammarion), by J. H. Rosny, sr., shows a French novelist concerned as are his fellows all over the world with the young woman of today. His novel presents a vivid picture of one of the women who are the product of post-war France, and whose attitude and opportunities are so different from those of the preceding generation.

The autobiography of the late Clement Shorter is to be issued for private circulation only. The manuscript has been for some time in the hands of Dr. J. M. Bulloch, and he is preparing a Memoir which will go out only to the more intimate acquaintances of the late editor of the *Sphere*.

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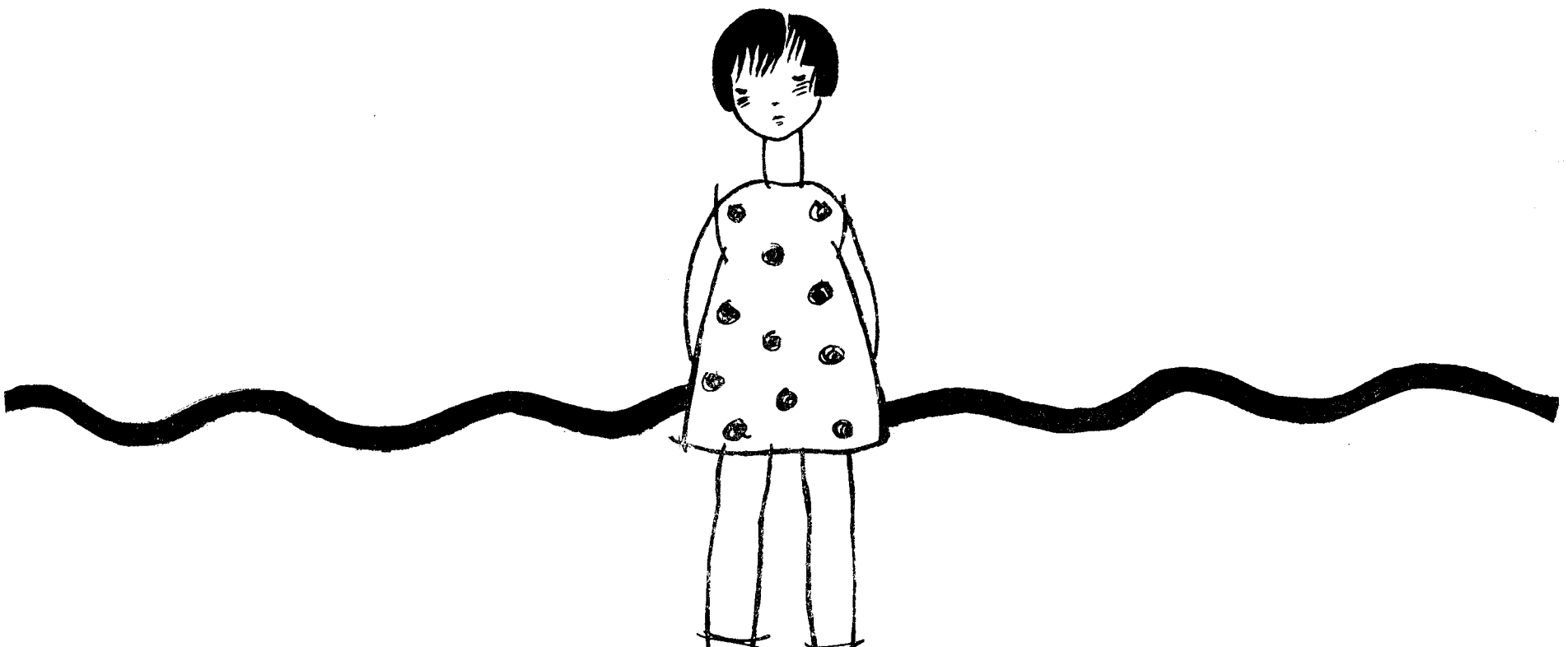
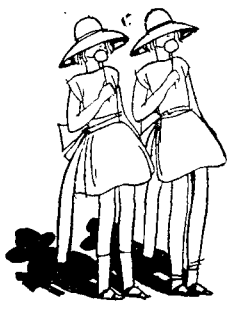


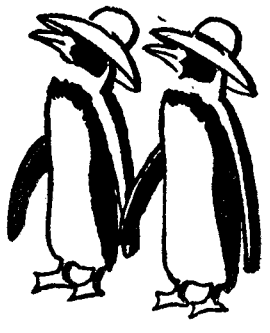


She knew that—
Lannie and Sistina had a secret that upset the Aquarium and worried Uncle Felix dreadfully . . .

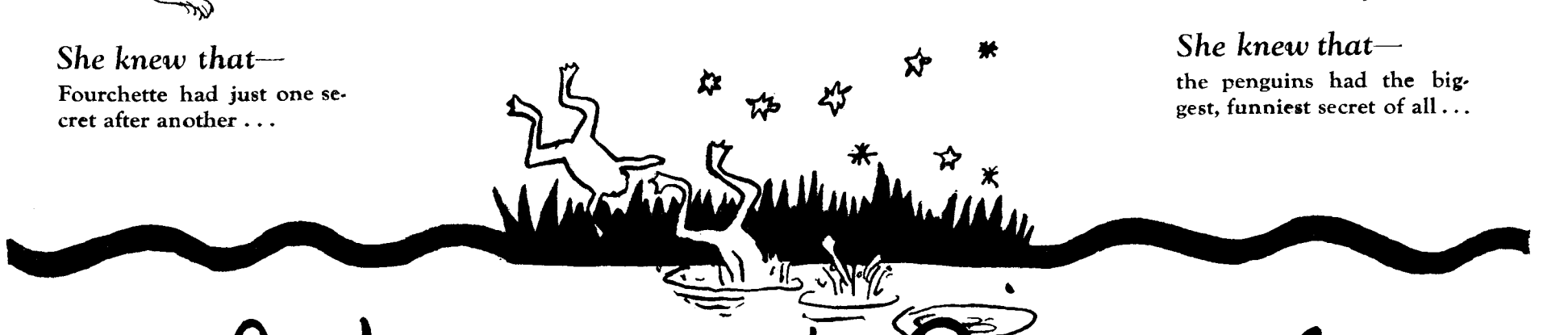
She knew that—
Fourchette had just one secret after another . . .

She knew that—
the musical mouse had a secret that turned Mr. Mistletoe's house topsy-turvy . . .

She knew that—
Honest Abe Blackbird had a wonderful secret that made him the most popular bird in Roslyn . . .



She knew that—
the penguins had the biggest, funniest secret of all . . .



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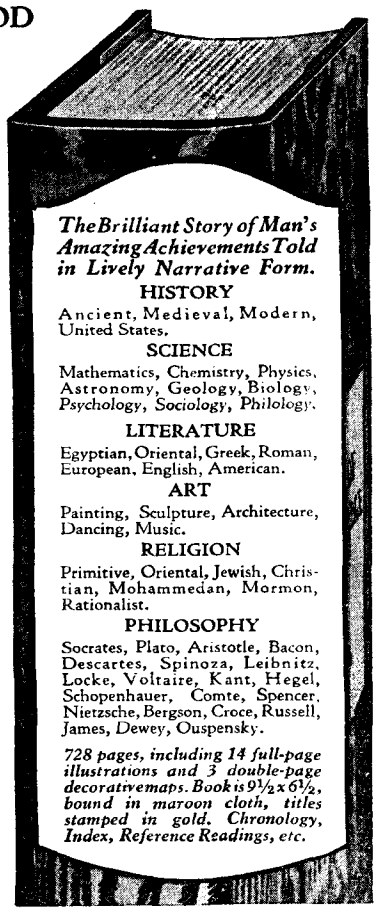

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On Self-Consciousness

"NOW I must be original in a deliciously nonsensical way," says the would-be writer of so many books for children, and sets nervously to work. And nowhere does the unfortunate mixture of condescension and subservience that characterizes the adult manner towards children nowadays show more clearly than in the resultant books. Must we either patronize or flatter our own flesh-and-blood? It is all part, one must suppose, of our present painful consciousness of being on trial before the spirit of the age, with which, of course, youth is always in league. To be so on trial is no new thing, but our realization of it puts us almost ridiculously on the defensive. We are so *self*-conscious, to take a daily instance, that the eternal question of discipline becomes a trial not of the child but of the parent's success or failure as a modernist. In nine cases out of ten, when adult meets child, it is ourselves that we grownups have our eye on. It does seem that our approach to children has usually very little to do with the child himself—psychologists please pardon! Our nervous writer must first of all prove that she can be deliciously nonsensical.

Such writers seem to think, first, that children are simple. Anyone who has lived in the house with any child might answer promptly, "About as simple as the universe." Second, that children are, in their own barbed phrase, "dumb," that their wits run on very few tracks, and stop at stations only when signaled violently by grown-ups. But is there any situation in any home that the child in that home does not grasp essentially with the directness of an unspoiled intelligence? Third, that all children are alike. Fold the paper carefully, cut out neatly, unfold, and in the resulting row of manikins you have your audience. Please one, please all. This last is certainly not a considered judgment, indeed, it is not a judgment at all because it is unconsidered. And it is unconsidered because the writer is not really concerned at the moment with children, except as in connections of the spirit of the age before whom the spirit of the writer quails.

Lawrence of Arabia

THE BOY'S LIFE OF COLONEL LAWRENCE. By LOWELL THOMAS. New York. The Century Co. 1927. $2.

Reviewed by BARTLET BREBNER

ON the whole the boys get a better article from Mr. Thomas than did their parents in "With Lawrence in Arabia." This is because "Revolt in the Desert," published in the interval, has enabled the author to add extensive and authoritative information to the scanty but rich stock which he spread out so thin before. Now, although the book is still padded with some Lowell Thomas, it is good padding and is not a bridge for gaps as in the Lawrence story. The thrilling yarn is here and it is carried along with a sweep and a rush. It is not quite what pacifists might prescribe for their children, but if they try to keep it from them it is certain that the youngsters will hide it under their mattresses just as their fathers did dime novels before them.

For the benefit of those rare souls who have not heard of "T. E. Lawrence" (Mr. Thomas is the man who made Lawrence so legendary that he ironically uses the quotation marks around his signature) suffice it to say that he is a little over five feet three of blue-eyed blond archæologist who in the last years of the war recreated from mutually hostile fragments a large portion of the Arab nation. By extraordinary and unorthodox strategy he helped the Arabs expel or neutralize their hated Turkish masters. This was an achievement highly congenial and profitable to them, and at the same time of the greatest service to the British forces in Palestine and Syria. Think of Arabia and the Arabs and it becomes obvious that the leader in such a unique exploit must have had hair-raising adventures. Here they are, from dynamiting bridges to disguise as a woman inside the enemy lines. Mr. Thomas does not trouble boys with "why" and "why not," but wisely concentrates on "how."

Probably most genuine living "lions" loath the records of their achievement. Lawrence certainly does and he used to entertain homicidal intentions towards the recorders. Mr. Thomas holds his readers to the very conclusion by giving the rumors as to Lawrence's present retreat. The same readers will swell the army of admirers who keep him there or will drive him to another.

Religious Poems

A CHILD'S THOUGHT OF GOD. Religious Poems for Children. Compiled by THOMAS CURTIS CLARK and ESTHER A. GILLESPIE. Minton, Balch. 1927. $1.50.

IT does not seem that this book can make a place for itself among anthologies whose excellence justifies their existence. Such contrasts as Blake's charming little poem, "The Lamb," face to face with an anonymous ebulition of religious emotionalism entitled "Not a Sparrow Falleth" are so glaring that even he who runs and reads will be astonished and grieved.

An odd feature of the book is the publishing of one-third of the selections as anonymous. The poem with which the volume closes, for instance, is signed Anonymous; we happen to know that its author is a Frenchman of no mean repute—one Victor Hugo by name. The question arises as to whether a little more studious effort on the part of the editors might not result in the discovery of a larger number of authors.

Good, bad, and indifferent from the new and the old have been thrown together in a formless hodge-podge,—a confusion from which we devoutly hope that the younger generation may not derive their thoughts of God.

American Annals

THE BOOK OF THE COLONIES. By ELSIE SINGMASTER. New York: George H. Doran Co. 1927. $2.

Reviewed by ALLAN NEVINS

MISS SINGMASTER has written a book on the thirteen colonies for children on much the plan of Henry Cabot Lodge's "Short History of the English Colonies" for adults. That is, she takes up each colony individually, in chronological order; beginning with Virginia and closing with Georgia. Partly because of this plan, and partly because she presents a great deal of fact material in brief compass, the volume is a little more schoolbookish than most works for youngsters of ten or twelve. But her narratives are clear, they are accurate, and the fact that they are genuine and consistently instructive will commend them to many parents. The book should be especially valuable for school libraries. There are more than a dozen well-selected illustrations, while a happy feature is a list, after each chapter, of good works of historical fiction bearing upon the colony just treated.

Suggestions

THERE is a real need in the public-schools for better geographical material, especially geographical text-books that do not deal so exclusively with industrial and economic aspects. Also for a good many less stories with palty pictures. Efforts to interest the flapper in General Grant are defeated at the outset by too grim a daguerrotype of the general.

Let parents have stimulating books on the home-table, not children's books but grown-up books of a lively nature, preferably with pictures, on anthropology, archaeology, decoration, or what you will. These the children may not use straight off, since a child's immediate interest is not to be counted on. But if signposts pretty well covering the cultural landscape are handy, the child may take any turning at will under wise guidance.

(*See page 256*)

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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later.

Art

TREES AT NIGHT. By *Art Young*. Boni & Liveright. $5.

HOW TO KNOW JAPANESE COLOR PRINTS. By *Anna Freeburn Priestley*. Doubleday, Page.

SIMPLICITY TOWARDS CHRIST. By *Howard Chandler Robbins*. Scribners. $2.

THE REMBRANDT DRAWINGS AND ETCHINGS. By *John C. Van Dyke*. Scribners. $12.

THE A B C OF ARCHITECTURE. By *Matlack Price*. Dutton. $2.50.

THE RUINED ABBEYS OF GREAT BRITAIN. By *Ralph Adams Cram*. Marshall Jones. $5.

Belles Lettres

EXPERIENCES OF A LITERARY MAN. By STEPHEN GWYNN. Holt. 1927. $3.50.

Mr. Gwynn is a Anglo-Irishman, with plenty of Celtic blood however, a descendent of Brian Boru, and the son of a professor in the Divinity School in Dublin. He went to Oxford, taught for some years in various English schools, and then settled in London as a free lance writer, moderately successful and prolific. He knew most people worth knowing in both capitals. In 1903-4 he moved back to Ireland and made entry into Irish politics. The book ends with his election to Parliament in 1906. It is an entertaining memoir, and presumably there is another volume to come.

THE GORGON'S HEAD AND OTHER LITERARY PIECES. By SIR JAMES GEORGE FRASER. Macmillan. 1927. $5.50.

These "Pieces" are occasional diversions from Sir James Fraser's absorption in his great subject. Only two of them have anything to do with anthropology, one the article on Fison and Howitt, the other an address, in French, to the Sorbonne. "The Gorgon's Head," and the series of sequels to the De Coverley papers are *jeux d'esprit*, not very successful. Sir James's hand is a little heavy for such play. Indeed the volume is only notable for the side lights it throws on a more than notable man.

Sir James was a pupil of Robertson Smith, whe was a pupil of Tylor. Anthropoligists of importance are numerous now, but this dynasty comes down through the center of the subject on its interpretive side. If one has never read any anthropology, if he suddenly discovers it and takes it hard for a while, the world will never look quite the same to him again. There are many of us now in middle life who have been through this experience and recognize it as one of the chief events in our intellectual careers. It is because one feels an honest reverence and personal gratitude to one of the greatest of anthropologists that these "Pieces" are interesting.

A HISTORY OF ENGLISH LITERATURE. By *Emile Legouis* and *Louis Cazamian*. Macmillan. $5.

ESSAYS NEW AND OLD. By *Aldous Huxley*. Doran.

A LITERARY HISTORY OF ROME. By *J. Wright Duff*. Scribners. $2.75.

HOME. By *Alan Malgar*. Longmans, Green. $2.75.

ARCHY AND MEHITABEL. By *don marquis*. Doubleday, Page. $2 net.

ASPECTS OF THE NOVEL. By *E. M. Forster*. Harcourt, Brace. $2.50.

TABLE TALK OF JOHN SELDEN. Edited by *Sir Frederick Pollock*. Selden Society.

AN ESSAY ON CONVERSATION. By *Henry W. Taft*. Macmillan.

PREJUDICES. Sixth Series. By *H. L. Mencken*. Knopf. $2.50 net.

HENRY THOREAU: THE COSMIC YANKEE. By *J. Brooks Atkinson*. Knopf. $2.50.

THE KEEPING OF CHRISTMAS AT BRACEBRIDGE HALL. By *Washington Irving*. Dutton. $2.

OUR VILLAGE. By *Mary Russell Mitford*. Dutton. $2.

THE KNOWLEDGE OF ENGLISH. By *George Philip Krapp*. Holt.

HAPPINESS. By *William Lyon Phelps*. Dutton. $1.

OXFORD READING COURSES. The Essay. By *M. Edward Speare*. Oxford. $1.

OXFORD READING COURSES. Biography. By *Alan C. Valentine*. Oxford. $1.

THE SPANISH WORLD IN ENGLISH FICTION. By *Coney Sturgis*. Faxon.

WALDEN. By *Henry David Thoreau*. Houghton Mifflin. $8.

THE HIGHER FOOLISHNESS. By *David Starr Jordan*. Bobbs-Merrill. $2.50.

ARE THEY THE SAME AT HOME. By *Beverley Nichols*. Doran. $2.50.

CASTLES IN SPAIN. By *John Galsworthy*. Scribners. $2.

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COLLEGE—WHAT'S THE USE? By *Herbert E. Hawkes.* Doubleday, Page. $2 net.

Fiction

HERE WE RIDE. By ANTHONY BERTRAM. Doran. 1927. $2.50.

Mr. Bertram's second novel is rather more than promising. His talent is, indeed, often surprisingly mature and strong in so young a writer. As a result there is sometimes almost an overabundance of effective things in this story of a London boarding house. About the figure of a little milliner he assembles an extraordinary crew of modernized Dickensian caricatures,—a sentimental streetwalker, a retired lady acrobat, a plumber who has failed to make a success at his trade, several decayed gentlemen, and a landlady with a secret sorrow. That Mr. Bertram makes most of them credible and even affecting at moments is his triumph, while the *larmoyant* tendency, the bursts of verbal tears, the occasional excessive pathos, show his weakness. He makes good use of his people, however, and it is easy to see that sooner or later his work will be greatly appreciated.

His irony is broad and not unrelated to this pathetic instinct. For example, the death of one of the decayed gentlemen, which ends the book, takes place in the midst of a performance by the lady acrobat of her old songs and tricks. The scene is crude, but it does move. It is in the few quiet moments of his story, particularly in the episode of the minister's son who has come to London to earn his living, that Mr. Bertram is at his best. Having seduced the milliner in a half hearted way, this young man returns to the parsonage he had sworn never to see again, and within an hour is justifying his course to his mother and to himself. When held in check, as in these scenes, Mr. Bertram's writing is decidedly important. Few of the younger Englishmen possess a more powerful equipment.

THE MOB ("LA HORDA"). By VICENTE BLASCO IBANEZ. Translated by Mariano Joaquin Lorente. Dutton. 1927. $2.50.

We have grown accustomed to find two staple elements in a novel by Blasco Ibanez: one, the story proper, romantic, tragic, or both; the other, an element of sociological, political, or geographical description. It is an old, old recipe, used in different ways by Hugo and Balzac. The author has thus already *introduced us to various parts of* Spain, like Jerez in "La Bodega," and Valencia in "The Mayflower," treating places and people in rich detail. In the latest of his novels to be translated, a book of more than usual merit, he takes us into the lowest quarters of Madrid and its suburbs, showing them through the eyes of a young bohemian hero.

For once the two elements, the romantic story and the sociological treaties, are carefully and naturally blended. Maltrana, the half-starved, ambitious journalist, is a creation of genuine vitality. He is such a man as would naturally wander through all the shabby precincts and purlieus of the capital —the Cuatro Caminos district, with its ragpickers, peddlers, and underpaid workmen huddled into tenements; the Carolinas quarter, with houses and shops constructed out of abandoned streetcars; El Rastro, the haunt of hawkers, cheap-jacks, and junkmen. One of the friends he makes in his bohemian prowling is Mosco, the poacher who lives by killing deer and smaller game in the great royal preserve of El Pardo, and the young scribbler falls in love with Mosco's lovely but delicate daughter, Feli. The joyous wandering of this young couple, and their excursions to the least expensive shops they can find to furnish a home for themselves, give the author an opportunity to describe at some length the sights, the sounds, and the smells of the worst parts of Madrid. Much of it is vividly done. Nothing of the kind in Blasco Ibanez's work is better than the picture of various goods piled up for sale in El Rastro, or the Carnival scenes in the Carolinas. The account of the poaching expedition upon which Maltrana, in eager and frightened curiosity, accompanies his future father-in-law, Mosco, is excellent. The book furnishes a convincing study of a Madrid which the tourist seldom if ever sees.

Only at the end, when dire poverty overtakes Maltrana and his ailing young wife, Feli, does the novel descend into the theatricality so often characteristic of Blasco Ibanez. Destitution, sickness, death—these are quite enough, without trying to add to the effect by showing us the body of poor Feli in a dissecting-room for medical students.

THE DREAM OF A WOMAN. By RÉMY DE GOURMONT. Boni & Liveright. 1927. $2.50.

Lewis Galantière has furnished an effective translation of one of Rémy de Gourmont's early novels under the title "The Dream of A Woman." It treats of the friendship and rivalry of two women, as revealed in their letters and those of their lovers. With many minor ramifications and subsidiary romances, the victory of Anna Desloges over Claude de la Tour is detailed. The narrative is not always easy to follow, largely because of the form in which the great French critic chose to cast it. At climactic moments the brevity and bareness of statement permitted by the letters is undoubtedly successful in producing the necessary shock of surprise, but the sensuous background against which these uninterrupted tableaux of love should take place is wholly lacking. De Gourmont's reputation as a novelist is, indeed, not impressive. With the possible exception of "Sixtime," he never achieved an actual novel, preferring to use the mechanism of the novel for a series of experiments in psychology. Yet the sensual content, which is high in "The Dream of a Woman," often saves his non-critical books from dullness. There is a fashionable suggestion of perversion in the friendship of his two heroines, which is carried beyond the stage of suggestion in the affair of Claude and the model. It is possible that Remy de Gourmont's book, unimportant as it is, may enjoy some slight vogue because of its purely fleshly element.

THE MARRIAGE OF HARLEQUIN. By PAMELA FRANKAU. Harper. 1927. $2.

Miss Frankau's first novel is of a familiar pattern. Husband and wife love each other, but each conceals that love, hiding it under a mask of cynicism and near-unfaithfulness. In such a plot the only interest lies in the decorations and in the method of final resolution into domestic felicity. Miss Frankau has dressed "The Marriage of Harlequin" in the 1927 convention of "high life"—a heartless, epigrammatic, semi-decadent sporting set; her efforts to be witty are in no way successful, and her characters are unconvincing. We only wait and wonder, with *gloomy resignation, how long it will be* before the obvious is attained. The *dénouement,* when it at last arrives, lacks any vestige of subtlety. We wish that inexperienced (we almost said "incompetent") novelists would not attempt to give us smart chatter and metallic sophistication against the worn backdrops of Mayfair and of country weekends.

THE GILT CAGE. By MARGUERITE STEEN. Doran. 1927. $2.

The lady in the Gilt Cage bears a superficial amatory resemblance to the lady in the Green Hat. Being attracted to perfectly strange gentlemen along the early hours of the morning, neither of them feels any great urge to hearken to the home breakfast bell. But the lady in the Gilt Cage has no Michael Arlen and no Katherine Cornell to give her a hand-up from the unknown, which makes it very probable that she will flower and fade right there. For those who like their heroines to be exquisitely carved and colored bits left over from the eighteen-nineties, Viola Bude is the very girl. She stands before her three flanged mirror in her painted gold bath-room "pensively studying the long honey-white surfaces, the faint curves of her own limbs, scarcely more developed than those of a girl of sixteen"; she secures her *cendré hair with coral pins; she has a* dumb mulatto maid who pours liquid soap

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over her from a crystal jug; she drinks black coffee, smokes biscuit-colored cigarettes, and reads her mail, all in the bath. As might be imagined, she moves men strangely: one flashes "a glance like a dagger from her naked shoulders across her bosom to where the long delicacy of her limbs," etc. The book's like that. It is full of epigrams and French phrases, of ultra-modern art and interior decoration, of restaurants and night-clubs, of—to fall into the style of the book—*affaires d'amour* and *affaires d'autre chose*. The novel rambles all over Europe but stems from a little pedigreed group in London called "The Wise Virgins." That no one of the six is either wise or a virgin further gives the quality of "The Gilt Cage."

SOLEMN BOY. By HECTOR BOLITHO. Doran. 1927. $2.

Mr. Bolitho would have us believe that this solemn boy was born to tragedy; he would have us feel that a life turned away from the world of action to the world of thought and emotion must somehow find disaster as its end. In Timothy Shrove, journalist first in New Zealand and then in Australia, we sense a sort of indistinct muddleheadedness, an almost fatal shyness in the presence of his own individuality. But we see no valid reason for his wife's refusal to stay with him after she finds that she is to bear his child. There is some fundamental obscurity in this incident; Mr. Bolitho may have intended it to be so. We feel, however, an error in judgment, and a definite drag on the story. A further weakness in the novel is the fact that we do not have any particular interest in Timothy Shrove; he is spiritually unprepossessing, and he lacks force to arouse us. The minor figures are clear and often valuable. On the whole, "Solemn Boy," in spite of the dimness of its central character, is decidedly pleasant reading.

THE END OF A WORLD. By CLAUDE ANET. Knopf. 1927. $3.

Claude Anet has attempted to combine an anthropological with a narrative interest in his novel of life as it was lived in the Dordogne twelve thousand years ago. The attempt has much to commend it; the picturesque scratchings of a few cave dwellers are made to serve as basis for the recreation of an entire tribal world. The detail is sufficiently abundant and sufficiently authentic to convey to any reader considerable information about Crô-Magnon days quite without pain. Taking for hero Nô, an average young man of the tribe of the Bear, M. Anet exposes him to initiation into the mysteries of tribal lore, to love, and to the problem of famine and absorption by a stronger tribe with which the sons of the Bear are faced. The little pictures of his experience are beautifully neat and economical. The actual prehistoric life was undoubtedly far less charming and far less picturesque, but in what way can that alter the value of M. Anet's book? Amusingly enough, the reader of "Ariane" will find echoes of the clear sophistication of that book in the history of Nô. According to Anet, twelve thousand years, the disappearance in their entirety of the beasts and men of which he writes, and the end of their world, have yet failed to change the conduct of a man in love by so much as the hair of an extinct mammoth. He seems able to write lightly and intelligently of the phenomenon in any age.

Jeffery E. Jeffery has translated "The End of a World" very well indeed, and the publisher has caused it to be adorned with many reproductions of the cave drawings made by Nô and his companions.

RUBIES. By LOUIS MORESBY. Doran. 1927. $2.

A colorless young man is forced by circumstances to engage in a hunt for a lost city beyond the jungles of Burma. Although this search is the main interest of "Rubies," it occupies fewer pages than the rest of the novel. We wish that more space had been given to it, even though the author's knowledge of Burmese jungle and monastery may not be first-hand. But at least there is a fascination about forgotten cities. Directly, the cause of the journey from Cornwall, where most of the story takes place, is the disappearance of the young man's father at the height of a mix-up over a smuggling enterprise. The action is not steady, nor is it always sensible, and the characters, with the exception of the Ramsay brothers, are by no means individualized. We protest particularly against the conventionality of the love-episodes. All in all, "Rubies" is a little too tame to be a good adventure story.

THE LAUGHING BIRDS. By ARCHIBALD SULLIVAN. Macmillan. 1927. $2.

The late Archibald Sullivan was a journalist of some repute whose stories in American and Canadian magazines attracted considerable attention about a decade ago. His best work has been reprinted in this volume. The major qualities shown are all connected with the expression of romantic sentiment, but there is also an effective usage of the familiar O. Henry surprise ending. There is neither any great distinction nor anything objectionable in the writing of these tales; they are excellent magazine stories of a period and fashion that have passed.

FOOTSTEPS IN THE DARK. By LYON MEARSON. Macaulay. 1927. $2.

The author here runs his story on the rocks by his excessive absorption in the attempt to create a spooky atmosphere out of blatant hocus-pocus. Martin Grimm, a wealthy old crank, is done to death in his New York home, the tragedy, though having the appearance of suicide, being actually murder. His young neighbor, Terry Lenihan, sweetheart of Grimm's niece, undertakes to explore the ghostly premises of the crime. This he does in the company of his husky man-servant, and a nerve-racking outburst of uncanny hostility greets their intrusion. After the befuddling fog is cleared away, one is allowed to view the not very startling facts in the life and death of Martin Grimm.

LITTLE SINS. By KATHARINE BRUSH. Minton, Balch. 1927. $2.

It is to be hoped that "Little Sins" does not escape those reading scouts of the silent drama who are supposed to cast covetous eyes over the fiction output of each season. These Little Sins are just the right size for the movies. There are two girls, one blonde and one brunette, both utterly beautiful. There is a handsome upright hero and an equally handsome dissipated, equivocal villain. One girl is poor but bright and works her way from shop-girl, through posing for artists, to becoming an artist herself. The other is wealthy but bright, and she marries more wealth, divorces it, and ends as a night-club hostess. There are, as further bait to cinema producers, all sorts of night life and studio parties, automobile accidents, and one complete Beauty Contest at Atlantic City. But with all this the book is far from being as bad as it sounds. It is written suavely and is, in the realm of fiction, what eye-and-ear entertainment is in the drama.

SILENT GUESTS. By A. E. FORREST. Covici. 1927. $2.

While seeking traces of a vanished heir to a fortune, a Philadelphia lawyer follows vague clues which lead him to a remote region of the Canadian wilderness. Here he loses all track of his quarry, but encounters a Scotch philanthropist (can it be?) who is conducting on his estate the humanitarian work of reclaiming ex-felons. The lawyer accepts hospitality of the Scot; the two become fast friends, and the visitor falls in love with the other's sister, a delicate, abnormal girl, the prey of psychic fits. These three pass through a multitude of strange and eerie adventures which, though improbable and unsubstantial in the extreme, do not lack power of attack upon the imagination.

THE HAND OF HORROR. By OWEN FOX JEROME. Clode. 1927. $2.

The fault most frequently met with in contemporary mystery-horror stories—that of over-doing the fantastic until it becomes the preposterous—makes of this tale's concluding chapters a veritable burlesque. Dr. Dax, a mad scientist, a Brazilian with delusions of omnipotent power over others, is a super-hypnotist, a ruthless criminal, a genius of unparalleled evil. While Dax is secretly furthering his wicked ends in Washington, D. C., there occurs in that city the murder of a prominent society woman, followed immediately by the disappearance of her husband, a millionaire diplomat. The two sensational events impel a star newspaper reporter and a celebrated detective from Chicago to join forces in the endeavor to reach the source of these closely related and intensely complicated incidents. The preliminary work of these allies is wholly satisfactory, and it is only when the pair come to grips with Dax, who is of course the perpetrator of all the tale's lurid villainies, that the action descends to the depths of the ludicrous.

(*Continued on next page*)

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Meanwhile. By *Pierre Coalfleet.* Duffield. $2.50.

The Unbearable Bassington. By *Saki* (H. H. Munro). Viking. $1.50.

Half Price. By *Constance Travers Sweatman.* Morrow. $2.

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The Kingdom of Theophilus. By *William J. Locke.* Dodd, Mead. $2.50.

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More Than Wife. By *Margaret Widdemer.* Harcourt, Brace. $2.

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The Gay Dreamers. By *Roger Devigne.* Stokes. $2.

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The Further Side of Silence. By *Sir Hugh Clifford.* Doubleday, Page. $3.50 net.

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Flambeau Jim. By *Frank H. Spearman.* $2.

The Arrested Moment and Other Stories. By *Charles Caldwell Dobie.* Day. $2.50.

The Leopard in the Bush. By *Cynthia Stockley.* Putnam. $1.50.

Basquerie. By *Eleanor Mercein* (Mrs. Kelly). *Harpers.* $2.50.

Avarice House. By *Julian Green.* Harpers. $2.50.

Lady, What of Life? By *Lesley Storm.* Harpers. $2.

Heart of an Indian. By *Robert E. Callahan.* Hitchcock. $2.50 net.

The Jury. By *Eden Phillpotts.* Macmillan. $2.

History

THE POLITICAL IDEAS OF THE GREEKS. By John L. Myers. Abingdon. 1927. $2.50.

This is an important book. It requires careful reading, and it is by no means easy to read. The difficulty is caused, not so much by its technicality, as by the inordinate length of the sentences and the wide separation of subject from predicate by a series of involved and confusing subordinate clauses. But anyone really interested either in the Greeks or political ideas will find himself abundantly repaid for the effort required to examine Professor Myers's work with care and thoroughness. He will not find a description of political institutions, but an investigation into the words of political significance from Homer to Aristotle. The strength of this method is that, beginning at the beginning, it traces the orderly progress of political concepts, free from the confusion wrought by later connotations of the words, which obscure their origin and that of the practices they bear witness to. The danger of the method is the temptation to press the original meaning of the word too closely upon later usage, assuming in the ordinary man a far greater attention to the exact significance of the words he uses than he actually shows.

An example from Lecture III, on the Notion of Ordinance and Initiative, and one from Lecture VI, on the Notion of Freedom, will illustrate both tendencies. In the former "arkhé" is shown, historically, to be the power of initiative, and its true significance is driven home by a brilliant demonstration that its proper Latin equivalent is "imperium," while the customary translation as "principium" does violence to the essential meaning. In the latter case, the translation of "physis" by "nature" is not so convincingly held to be a blunder, and it is implied that the confusion of ideas was the cause of the subsequent lapse of physical science. But Professor Myers himself cites Lucretius's perception of the difference, and probability alone would assure us that the act of translation enlarged the sphere of the Latin word so as to include the connotation of the Greek. If physical science had had the means of life within it, it is not likely that any verbal difficulty would have killed it. This is, of course, a detail, and is brought forward merely as an indication of the limitations of

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Oyez! Oyez!

THERE is a tide in the affairs of magazines as well as of men, which taken at the flood leads on to fortune. Such a tide, we hope, is that which is pouring new features into the ***Saturday Review of Literature***. You have noticed perhaps that in these past few weeks new departments have been modestly taking their place in its pages—The Wits' Weekly, which already threatens to swamp its conductor, Edward Davison, under the flood of sprightliness that is rushing in upon him; The Children's Bookshop, a department for parents, to which H. M. Tomlinson, Lee Wilson Dodd, and Rachel Field have already contributed, and which wears as headpiece a drawing by our good friend, W. A. Dwiggins; The Play of the Week, wherein are reviewed from the script by Oliver M. Sayler, such dramas holding the boards as have literary quality, and The Compleat Collector under which engaging designation Mr. George Parker Winship of the Widener Library, Harvard University, and Mr. Carl Purington Rollins of the Yale University Press are commenting upon rare and old books and matters typographical.

You may, perhaps, have already surmised also, though he has so far furnished only two of them, that once every month Henry Seidel Canby is to substitute for his usual editorial a long article combining the functions of critique, essay, and editorial. Not to be outdone by him, William Rose Benét is also to contribute a new feature, "Mr. Moon's Notebook," wherein a genial observer of men and literature discourses on everything from the groceryman to Einstein as the whim seizes him.

So much for our editors. Ernest Boyd, who is known of old to subscribers of the ***Saturday Review***, will resume his monthly survey of Literature Abroad. His general discussion will be supplemented by letters from England by Mrs. Belloc Lowndes, and from France by Abel Chevalley, while the interstices will be filled in with notes garnered from foreign sources. Our staff of Saturday Reviewers will continue to discuss and appraise the new books as they appear from the press both in signed reviews and in the brief classified notes which lack nothing of the authority of longer critiques because of their brevity.

Finally, and we must enumerate without commenting for we have exhausted our space before our features, we shall during the coming season run essays by Walter Lippmann, Lewis Mumford, Carl Van Doren, George Jean Nathan, H. L. Mencken, Louis Bromfield, Ruth Suckow, Elinor Wylie, Alfred Zimmern, Harold J. Laski, Langdon Mitchell, James Truslow Adams, Struthers Burt, Eugene O'Neill, Edward Garnett, J. B. Priestley, and Humbert Wolfe among others, and poems by Robert Frost, Siegfried Sassoon, Edith Sitwell, T. S. Eliot, Lizette Woodworth Reese, Louis Untermeyer, and other poets of England and America.

We rest our case, your honors.

etymology as a tool for the reconstruction of history.

How astonishingly effective a tool it can be in competent hands may be seen again and again where the author discusses the "dark age" which preceded historical record, and followed the "heroic age" portrayed by Homer. Of this "dark age" we have abundant physical remains among the finds of archæologists, but Professor Myers has given us here an insight into its way of life of the highest value. The book deserves a more elaborate consideration than is here possible, but one item of virtue must not be omitted: the author sticks to the evidence that he has. Parallel ideas are quoted from as far afield as Iceland and Polynesia, but they are quoted as parallels only; there is no attempt to suggest that because other primitive people had a custom the Greeks must have had it also.

Miscellaneous

INDUSTRIAL PROSPERITY AND THE FARMER. By RUSSELL C. ENGBERG. Macmillan. 1927. $2.50.

The common theory that the general business cycle exerts an important direct influence on agriculture is effectively refuted by Professor Engberg in the first detailed statistical study ever made of this problem. The volume of production of a given agricultural commodity, along with the supply of substitute crops, is shown to be the chief determinant in the annual fluctuations of farm prices. The volume, in turn, is affected mainly by factors independent of general business conditions—such factors as warmer weather, insects, and plant diseases. The demand for farm products, the author points out, is influenced by the business cycle, but only in relatively slight degree.

The book does not touch on the converse of the problem; that is, whether business fluctuations are determined to any considerable extent by changes in agricultural conditions. A similar analysis of this question would be very useful.

Professor Engberg's work, which is one of the publications of the Institute of Economics, is an excellent statistical study. At the same time, it shows such a first-hand knowledge of farming as is none too common in works on agricultural economics.

GROVE'S DICTIONARY OF MUSIC AND MUSICIANS. Edited by *H. C. Colles*. Third edition. Vol. I. Macmillan. $7.50.

SPEAKING WITH TONGUES. By *George Barton Cutten*. Yale University Press. $2.50.

LADIES OF THE UNDERWORLD. By *Nutley Lucas*. Scars. $2.50.

AMERICAN LOANS TO GERMANY. By *Robert R. Kuczynski*. Macmillan. $2.

CULTIVATING THE CHILD'S APPETITE. By *Charles Anderson Aldrich*. Macmillan. $1.60.

THE GEOGRAPHY OF AMERICAN ANTIQUES. By *Lucille Van Arsdale Guild*. Doubleday, Page. $4 net.

MORROW'S ALMANAC FOR 1928. Edited by Burton Rascoe. Morrow.

THE WINSTON SIMPLIFIED DICTIONARY. Edited by *William Dodge Lewis, Henry Seidel Canby*, and *Thomas Kite Brown, Jr.* Winston.

THE POST OFFICE. By *Sir Evelyn Murray*. Putnam. $2.

A DOCUMENTARY ACCOUNT OF THE BEGINNINGS OF THE LABORATORY PRESS OF CARNEGIE INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY. By *Porter Garnett*. Pittsburgh: Laboratory Press.

FOSTER'S BRIDGE FOR BEGINNERS. By *R. F. Foster*. $1.

THE SILENT FORCE. By *Morris T. Longstreth*. Century. $4.

THE COMPANIONATE MARRIAGE. By *Judge Ben B. Lindsey* and *Wainright Evans*. Boni & Liveright. $3.

THE PROHIBITION MANIA. By *Clarence Darrow* and *Victor Yarros*. Boni & Liveright. $2.50.

THE ETIQUETTE OF BEAUTY. By *Dorothy Cooks*. Dutton. $5.

RULERS OF THE INDIAN OCEAN. By *Admiral C. A. Ballard*. Houghton Mifflin. $5.

LENZ ON BRIDGE. Vol. II. By *Sidney S. Lenz*. Simon & Schuster. $2.50.

THE BOOK OF OPPORTUNITIES. Edited by *Rutherford H. Platt, Jr.*, and *Rebecca T. Emerson*. Putnam.

MODERN RUSSIAN COMPOSERS. By *Leonid Sabaneiev*. International. $2.75.

GOD'S DRUM. By *Hartley Alexander*. Dutton. $1.50.

THE LAW OF SALESMANSHIP. By *E. Paul Hutchinson*. Appleton. $2.50.

FREE-LANCING IN FORTY MAGAZINES. By *Edward Mott Woolley*. Writer Publishing Co.

REPUBLICAN MARRIAGE. By *L. J. Steabacker*. Argus. $2.50.

A KEY TO THE ULYSSES OF JAMES JOYCE. By *Paul Jordan Smith*. Covici.

MAJOR SPORT FUNDAMENTALS. By *Charles E. Hammett*. Scribners. $2.

BALLYHOO. By *Silas Bent*. Boni & Liveright. $3.

BEAUTY AND HEALTH. By *Lois Leeds* and *Hilda Kaji*. Lippincott. $2.50.

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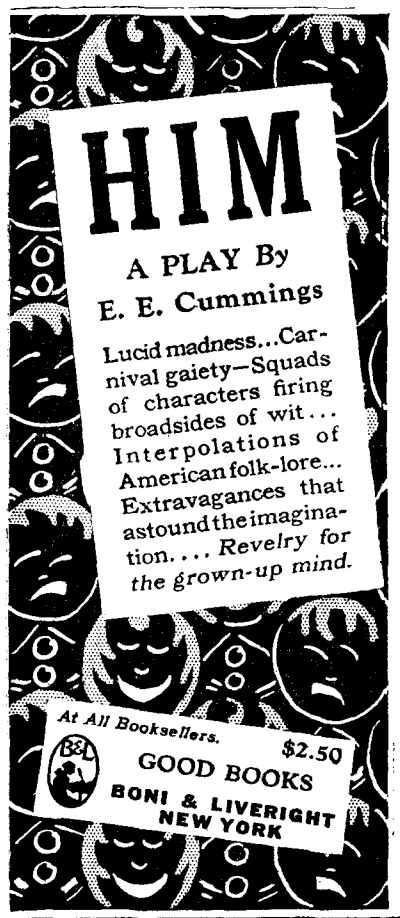
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The Wits' Weekly

Conducted by EDWARD DAVISON

Competition No. 4. Haydon records that "Keats made Ritchie promise that he would carry his 'Endymion' to the great desert of Sahara and fling it in the midst. . . . Poor Ritchie went to Africa and died in 1819." We offer a prize of fifteen dollars for the most convincing account (in not more than 400 words) of the finding of the volume by a traveler in 1850. (Entries for this competition must be mailed in time to reach *The Saturday Review* office not later than the morning of November 7th.)

Competition No. 5. A prize of fifteen dollars is offered for the most original unrhymed poem in which every second line is borrowed, without alteration, from the work of some "standard" poet. Excepting Shakespeare, no such poet may be twice drawn upon. Entries must not exceed twenty lines in all, and lines borrowed should be referred to their sources in footnotes. (Entries for this competition must reach *The Saturday Review* office not later than the morning of November 14th.)

Competitors are advised to read very carefully the rules printed below.

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT'S daffodil-time lyric reached the Competitions' Editor belatedly last week when this page had already gone to press. The prizewinners, I think, were lucky, for his entry, printed appreciatively below, would certainly have carried off a large part of their cent.

THE TRIUMPH OF TIME
Or
The World's Greatest Literary Tragedy

"It's daffodil time in New Zealand,"
Sang in Weimar a poet named Wieland.
(The rhyme's not exact. Nor is it a fact
In New Zealand that Wieland took pride—
Or wotted of Charles Godfrey Leland
Who wrote of Hans Breitmann a deal and
Of Gypsies a lot. Why, you know he could not!
Ere Leland's birth Wieland had died.)

But—if Leland had lived in New Zealand,
And, inspired with new zeal, if old Wieland
Had moved (to be sporty) at one hundred and forty
To Auckland, Dunedin or Clive,
It might have improved Leland's spiel, and
Sealed leal and for woe or for weal, and
In faith and in pride, a friendship denied
To Leland and Wieland alive.

Hark!—O hear!—on the headlands and highlands
Of both of the North and South Islands,
Aloft and elate, either side of Cook Strait,
From Plenty to Pegasus Bay,
How the daffodils wave like palmettos,
How the kiwis all shriek in falsettos,
How laeland and hieland for Wieland and Leland
In woe unassuagable sway!

Ah, "it's daffodil time in New Zealand,"
But alas! for our Leland and Wieland,—
With a zeal to be leal, they were whirled on the wheel
Of Time and were sundered by Fate!
So the seal at his meal of fresh veal and
The eel in the creel, and the teal, and,—
O, whatever you choose,—dance the Daffodil Blues
In Spring—in New Zealand—to date!

William Rose Benét.

The First Competition

There was—and no two other words could furnish an apter beginning for a discussion of limericks—there was nothing facetious in the request for a *serious* lyric in limerick stanzas. Our competitors were not the first to wrestle with the difficulties. It is fact and not blasphemy to suggest that Poe himself employed the limerick rhythm, not ineffectively, in "Annabel Lee," if not elsewhere.

And neither the angels in heaven above,
Or the demons down under the sea,
Can ever dissever
My soul from the soul
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee.

There, almost undisguised, cakewalks the limerick rhythm. And at least one living poet—Mr. F. W. Harvey—fulfilled the strictest requirements of rhyme and rhythm in his lyric "Atlantis," beginning

'Neath root of a shadowless tree
In sunken Atlantis lies she,
Ah, long, long ago
Adored . . . to and fro
Flit the shadowless shapes of the sea.

Not many reviewers who wrote about "September and Other Poems" noticed the *tour de force* which is not so good that our wits need despair of surpassing it.

There were about sixty entries of which some twenty had to be disqualified at the outset. These included a number of deliberately humorous efforts. Garland Smith began with a line from Tennyson's "Maud"—"My heart is a handful of dust," but did not sustain it. Tima Newson Sullivan, inspired by

fifteen bucks in the offing
For a serious thought worth coughing

doffed her cap-and-bells a little too late to be taken seriously. (Moreover we asked for a serious lyric, not a serious thought.) H. H. H., Michael Bruce, and Sylvia Satan won my sympathy though I had to disallow their amusing indifference to the terms of the competition.

Quite a number of competitors apparently did not know what a limerick is like. Here is one specially written for their edification.

There was a young freshman of Yale
Who hunted a flea with a flail,
Because of a spite
He conceived overnight
When the creature said, "Isn't he stale!"

This is the pattern of metre and rhyme, at least, that our serious lyric required. It cannot be reconciled with some of this week's entries, with the two thousand word review of a book on the prize ring which reached us from Pittsburgh, for instance, or the graceful quatrains by L. H. Kellam and Jean Waterbury. Another group of competitors, shying at the real difficulties, tried to modify the static rhythm of the limerick though retaining its rhyme scheme. Most of these, like Clare Joslyn, who wrote a good poem, strayed too far away from the pattern even when they did not completely lose their anapestic feet. And the moral of all this is—stick to the terms of the competition.

Too many of the poems remaining when these had been eliminated were serious without being lyrical. There were didactic limericks—

Why can't we fathers and mothers
Treat your son and my son as brothers,
And end all this Hell
Of war, shot, and shell
Before it destroys any others?

But even when one concurred with such excellent sentiments it was not without a shudder for the future of both lyric and limerick. Some less sententious efforts were spoiled by their authors' failure to distinguish between seriousness of theme and seriousness of approach. Nearly everybody who took the competition so seriously as to seriously pursue a very serious subject (like the courageous competitors who chose death as "the most serious lyric theme I could think of") exchanged the lyre for the tongs and the bones.

In the end the entries were reduced to less than ten; and even some of these were marred by verbal infelicities, *clichés*, and lines where the phrasing fouled the necessary rhythm. Charlotte Van de Water submitted two poems. "Nomenclature" (perhaps inspired by reading "Gallions Reach"), struck an honest note on the flat side, and her second attempt sang lyrically but ended in a slight anticlimax. "Elspeth" was good but slight. Doris E. Pitkin, in "Greek and Goth," wrote with some originality contrasting the conception of Venus with that of La Belle Dame sans Merci, but did not quite make her point. Mary Ellis Opdycke illustrated very prettily the moral that "folly is grief—when it's over" and I hope to print her stanzas in some future week when there is space to spare. The final choice lay between "Slightly" and "Amiens" whose last stanza would have begun better with "Waste creeps in the garden; disaster;" it also needs an additional syllable to improve the sound and sense of the last line. "Slightly" is disqualified for reasons he very well knows. We print both poems however, awarding the prize to "Amiens."

PAN

I saw him! A moment he stood
In the brake at the edge of the wood,
And I cried aloud "Pan!"
But he heard me and ran
Where I in my folly pursued.

Not so much as the ghost of a thrush
Snapt a twig in the gloom of the brush,
Neither squirrel nor bird
In the undergrowth stirred;
Not a leaf rustled, breaking the hush.

But I, by that silence waylaid,
Stopped short of a sudden, afraid;
Then turned again home
Though I saw in the loam
The prints that his goatfeet had made.

And heard in the wood as I ran
How his taunting soft laughter began,
The laughter that haunts me
Forever, and daunts me,
The terrible laughter of Pan.

"Slightly."

The Prize Poem

AT DESOLATION MANOR

Here fog rules the night, and the blurring
Cold mist with no haste and no stirring
Settles down over grange
And hall, as if change
Had itself done with change and recurring.

Now fire has withdrawn from the embers
On the hearth. In this last of Novembers
Life has seeped from the clay
As light from the day—
Till no one is here that remembers.

In the garden waste creeps, and disaster
Lays frost over fox-glove and aster.
And withered stalks wave
On a vine-littered grave
Where the old hound went to the master.

"Amiens."

RULES

(Competitors failing to comply with rules will be disqualified.)

1. Envelopes should be addressed to "The Competitions Editor, *The Saturday Review of Literature*, 25 West 45th street, New York City." The number of the competition (e.g., "Competition 1") must be written on the top left-hand corner.
2. All MSS. must be legible—typewritten if possible—and should bear the name or pseudonym of the author. Only one side of the paper should be used. Prose entries must be clearly marked off at the end of each fifty words. Competitors may offer more than one entry. MSS. cannot be returned.
3. *The Saturday Review* reserves the right to print the whole or part of any entry. The decision of the Competitions Editor is final and he can in no circumstances enter into correspondence.

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The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review*.

A club of Charlotte, N. C., asks for musicians' biographies published in 1927, also those of actors.

THE life of Chopin, told in the new semi-fictional style, but with care in the statement of facts, is "Polonaise," by Guy de Portales (Holt). If not so searching in its psychology as his "Liszt," it is a valuable contribution to Chopiniana. Louis Barthou gives us another sidelight on Wagner in "The Prodigious Lover" (Duffield), and William Wallace makes a sufficiently piquant book out of "Liszt, Wagner, and the Princess" (Dutton), the charmer in the case being Caroline Sayn-Wittgenstein. "The Unconscious Beethoven," by Ernest Newman (Knopf), is biography combined with musical analysis, and W. Behrend's "Ludwig Beethoven's Pianoforte Sonatas" (Dutton), is a serious, carefully built-up study of his life as it went into these works, as well as of the works themselves. "Eroica," a new life of Beethoven by Samuel Chotzinoff, is promised for November by Simon and Schuster. Two volumes of "Wagner's Letters" have been published by Dutton. There is a new edition of "Thirty Years' Musical Recollections," by H. F. Chorley, critic of the *Athenaeum* (Knopf), but the most important American musical autobiography is that of Emma Eames, in "Some Memories and Reflections" (Appleton). This is one of the most well-bred books imaginable; there are moments when one is reminded of Mrs. Kenwig's fears, if Morleena should grow up and "come out at the Opera"—"only think of the young dukes and marquises!" The devotee of Nickleby recalls that Miss Petowker said that *she* had "never found any inconvenience or unpleasantness of that sort," neither had Mme. Eames. There are exalted personages in this book, and famous musicians, and many charming photographs of Mme. Eames in roles in which every middle aged American remembers her.

R. A. B., Norwich, Conn., has been motoring in Maine, and is so taken with that region that a list of books—historical, scenic, and fiction—is desired.

ONE who plans such a motor trip as this will do well to get "Coasting Down Maine," by Ethel Huestis (Dodd-Mead), reminiscences of a journey from Kittery to Calais, full of pleasant talk and glimpses of captains and other local characters. "Maine Beautiful," by Wallace Nutting (Old America), is one of the large volumes of the See America First series, with many photographs of historic places and lovely scenery, and "The Maine Woods" takes two volumes of the works of Henry Thoreau (Houghton, Mifflin).

Maine was made an enchanted country for me by "The Country of Pointed Firs," the book by Sarah Orne Jewett that I would rather have than all the rest (Houghton Mifflin). It is the scene of most of the novels of Ben Ames Wiliams—"Evered," and the one of his I like best, "The Rational Hind" (Dutton), which does stern but sympathetic justice to family pride and family feeling north of Boston. In his new one, "Immortal Longings" (Dutton), he states the age-old problem of farm life versus the town. The action of Howells's famous story "A Modern Instance" (Houghton, Mifflin), takes place in a Maine village, and Clara Louise Burnham's "Dr. Latimer" (Houghton, Mifflin), lives on Casco Bay. In Kate Douglas Wiggin's "Homespun Tales" (Houghton, Mifflin), there is one with the hero a Maine lumberman, and "The Story of Waitstill Baxter" is laid in the State. Holman Day's logging stories, "King Spruce" and "The Skipper and the Skipped" (Harper), take place here, and the murder story of Henry Rideout, "A Winter Bell" (Houghton, Mifflin), is in the Maine woods in winter. "Uplands," by Mary Ellen Chase, who wrote the popular and poetic tale "Mary Christmas" (Little, Brown), is the latest story to be placed in Maine; this pays much attention to the landscape.

H. R. P., Dorset, Vermont, is looking for new places in which to spend the winter. Italy and Egypt he knows; Spain, his friends tell him, is cold in winter, but Northern Africa allured him until he gathered from "The Plutocrat" the impression that this country offers only scenery and climate. A list of books on Northern Africa would help him plan a trip.

I NEVER knew anyone who really enjoyed a Vermont winter save Anne Bosworth Greene, and her experience is immortalized in "A Lone Winter" (Century); to my delight I found this summer that her farm is just around the corner from my own part of the country. Oh yes, Zephine Humphreys likes Vermont winters too, and describes them beautifully in her new book, "Winterwise" (Dutton), full of thoughts about books and cats and neighbors and the eternal verities. But as the last time I was in the State in winter the temperature reached 36 degress below zero without the least effort, I hasten to assist H. R. P. to find a warmer clime.

E. P. Oppenheim's new book, "The Quest for Winter Sunshine" (Little, Brown), may help him decide. This includes North Africa, but takes in also the Riviera, Egypt, and other lands adjacent to the Mediterranean. It is well illustrated. A good beginning for a tourist is by reading Hamish McLaurin's "What About North Africa?" (Scribner), for this gives in detail the conditions and circumstances of motoring from Casablanca to Cairo, and is indeed intended to help tourists make up their minds and their itineraries. Stella Courtt-Treat's "Cape to Cairo" (Little, Brown), is another new motor-book from Africa: it is amusing and exciting and includes, as the title indicates, some of the territory with which this list is concerned. "Morocco from a Motor Car," by Paul Vernon (Macmillan), is a new book beautifully illustrated in colors; this also is a tour described in detail for prospective travellers. "Sands, Palms and Minarets," by Madeleine Vernon (Stokes), is the record of wanderings in Algeria, Tunis, and Morocco; it describes and illustrates with many photographs the ruins of the Romans, the results of the Arabs, and the rising civilization of the French. If the list is to include information on recent North African wars and the personalities that figure in them, an important and comprehensive work is "France, Spain, and the Rif," by Walter B. Narris (Longmans, Green); there is also Vincent Sheean's personal experience in Spanish Morocco through to Djebela, interviewing Abd-el-Krim and other notabilities, in "An American Among the Riffi" (Century).

Do not let Booth Tarkington thus wither a continent for you; his impressions of North Africa in "The Plutocrat" may be, for all I know, as fantastic as his own admiration for his leading character.

M. W. H., Rapid City, S. D., is preparing a paper on the personalities of American magazines, and wishes a book to accompany personal researches.

THE only one I know now in print is "Some Magazines and Magazine Makers," by J. E. Drewry (Stratford) which describes several periodicals of different types and gives biographical sketches of famous editors. I am often asked for such a book for study clubs.

H. A. K., Tampico, Mexico, asks for books on exercises for children from two to seven years of age, designed to develop coördination in a systematic manner, perhaps by dances, gymnastics, or rhythmic drills.

THE book that first comes to my mind in cases like this is "Rhythm, Music, and Education," the explanation of the famous Dalcroze method of eurhythmics, by Emile Jacques-Dalcroze of Geneva, translated by Rubinstein and published here by Putnam. This is for teachers as well as the general public, and has many photographs. The music, as well as explanations of exercises, is given in two volumes of his "Method of Eurhythmics," published by Gray.

A. S. Barnes publishes several quarto volumes with music, for the use of teachers of little children. "The Rhythms of Childhood," by Caroline Crawford, and her "Dramatic Games and Dances for Little Children;" "The Song Play Book," by Crampton and Wollaston; "Dramatic Dances for Small Children," by M. S. Shafter; "The Playground Book," by Harry Sperling; and Dorothy La Salle's "Rhythms and Dances for Elementary Schools," and "Play Activities for Elementary Schools," will interest this teacher. For somewhat older groups—but still for quite young boys—the ideas of Ernest B. Balch's "Amateur Circus Life" (Macmillan) will come into play; this develops a system of physical training built around the circus idea. I have seen this in practice, and it certainly did work.

OPINIONS ON "ANDY BRANDT'S ARK"

A famous European scientist:
"Ich kann miene *Bewunderung* für Andy Brandt's Ark nicht breit aussprechen . . . Die beste Beschreibung des Familiengiftes das mir in meinem Leben in Händen kam."

A celebrated American neurologist:
"Not the characters themselves, not the story as such; but the thing underneath, the BOOK, the after-images of which haunt me, as in all the work of this author."

A little Bohemian housekeeper:
"It is like talking to a family! I thought that I was talking to a family!"

A New York State doctor:
"I got a huge kick out of Andy Brandt; everyone else who counts who has read it has felt the same way: damned good."

A lecturer on contemporary literature:
"The vision of consciousness — the shapes in which emotions become visible in words—is so completely in harmony with the spirit of the time that I see no reason why Miss Bryner should not be a true interpreter of the period."

A young composer of songs, traveler and home-keeper:
"That large, round and warm and freely nourished egg of the Ark I read in two sittings. Though it jacks constantly at the *innermost* emotions and I all but tore loose my heart-wire over the leaving of Father (where it all turned the ridge at once). I did not find it packed because its groove is so inevitable, defined, the power so thoroughly directed. I love the span of it from coast to coast. The last chapter about Althea utterly unlike anything I know in print, so tragically ludicrous—and real!"

A well-known person of the theatre:
"I love Andy Brandt's Ark! A quality of hard, austere, bitter—but still beautiful truth. The style and vision contain all that is poetic, forming a halo of loveliness about a bleak subject."

An English woman of letters:
"One of the best books I have read in years. I actually remember it! which is most unusual nowadays."

A well-known Danish novelist:
"Marvelous, unique! The depths of life, the giving of the author's own heart. . . . *This* is America!"

A western married college woman:
"I read Andy Brandt with such a variety of reactions that I feel that I myself have had a new experience. I have never given birth to a book or a child, but as I might vicariously suffer the pangs of one, I have gone through this bringing forth and am finding, now that it is done, some of the relief that comes after the struggle is through. I did not think such unflinching squareness possible."

A southern spinster of large family:
"A book that can without dirty sarcasm pull the moth-eaten cover of sentiment from family life and reveal how members of a household can prey on each other."

A western man of business with interest in the arts:
"Other people have written of conflicts but not quite in this modern fresh way, gorgeous, solid, very sure in its effect, flexible enough to be dramatic and moving when the turn is given and always flowing on and on with great power and a constant sculpturesque hewn quality. The drama throughout is tremendous."

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Points of View

On Printing

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

A great deal of discussion about printing has been going on lately, not only in printing journals and magazines but also in clubs and at meetings of those interested in the various branches of the graphic arts. The liveliest topic of dispute at present is the comparative merits of modernistic and conservative practice of the art (a question on which I may some day be goaded into airing my own opinions, but not at the present writing).

So far the discussions, though interesting and well-informed, seem to me inconclusive and of little real value, principally because of the loose terminology empoyed. Such technical terms as *design*, *drawing*, *engraving*, *type*, *line*, *composition*, *character*, *cut*, *etching*, and many others, may all have double meanings and applications; and when used loosely and inaccurately, as they so frequently are, result in confusion and obscurity of meaning. We need a clearer definition of terms and a closer adherence to that definition.

The very word "printing" is itself employed with the most diverse implications, and no profitable discussion can be carried on unless there be some sort of agreement as to its scope and application.

What do we mean by "printing"?

The artist printer finds himself in the complex situation of the architect who must consider the accord between the suitability of his building and its actual external appearance, or of the poet who must combine what he says—the contents of his poem—with his verse forms. In all the arts—and that is *why* they are arts—there must be this adjustment to make a successful work. The final harmony of these independent properties is never obtained automatically or by rote, but by a miracle, or after vast effort, or rather by inspiration and effort combined.

A perfect book is both easy to read and beautiful to look at. Pleasure in the reading matter itself is enhanced by pleasure in its suitable frame. An excellent balance of black and white lessens the effort of reading and the eye unconsciously approves of both ensemble and details without being distracted by them.

The art of printing abounds in subtle difficulties, in delicate nuances unsuspected by the majority of people. The masters of this art work with enthusiasm and devotion to satisfy a select few. One may reproach an author with a meticulousness that cuts him off from appreciation by the masses, but not a printer. Stendhal quotes an exaggerated case—the great Bodoni, a master printer, who spent six months looking for a single line of capitals to put on a title-page of Boileau-Despriaux!

To sum up, a beautiful book should first be an efficient instrument; it should be legible and easy to read. It may at the same time be a work of art, with a beauty and personality of its own.

Typographical work permits no improvisations. It is the ripe fruit of experiment—the result of an art which preserves only the successful trials and rejects the rough drafts and sketches.

The press holds up a mirror to the author in which he may see himself clearly. If the paper, type, and composition are carefully chosen and harmonious, the author sees his work in a new guise. He may feel keen pride or shame. He hears a firmer, more detached voice than his own—an implacably just voice—articulating his words. Everything weak, trivial, arbitrary, or in bad taste that he has written is pointed up and comes out in clear relief. It is at once a lesson and a splendid thing to be beautifully printed.

Some writers evidently mean strictly the making of books of literature, art, or science; others broaden this use to the inclusion of catalogues, advertisements, or anything else in book form; still others doubtless have in mind all the miscellaneous products of the press—pamphlets, broadsides, posters, advertising pages in periodicals and newspapers,—all usually devoted to selling something.

It is obvious that, beyond a few basic ones, the same principles cannot possibly govern all these multifarious uses to which art is put, even though the technical processes be more or less identical; and I would plead, as I said, for a clearer definition of terms and more discriminating and intelligent use of them if we are ultimately to derive any benefit from either side of the argument. Could not a committee composed of printers and designers, and at least one philologist, undertake to draw up and publish a set of definitions applicable to modern methods and processes that would not conflict with the older standard meanings of the terms used?

As a model of conciseness and admirably clear thinking along this very line, I would call your attention to a short paper, "The Dual Virtues of a Book," which Paul Valéry, of the French Academy, has contributed to the first number of the new French journal, *Arts et Métiers Graphiques*, *Paris*. In it he deals with printing as the interpreter of literature, *i.e.*, bookmaking; but in the same issue there is another paper, "The Catalogue as a Work of Art," in which Jean Luc considers it as applied to advertising, ("publicity" is, I believe, the polite term). The two articles taken together present an admirable exposition of the subject as a whole. They follow this letter.

Though it is perhaps too much to expect that any of our own Academicians will interest themselves in so minor an art, some of our American writers on the subject may well study these papers with profit.

BRUCE ROGERS.

New Fairfield, Conn.

Virtues of a Book

BOOKS may appeal to us in two separate, distinct ways, says M. Paul Valéry, the well-known modern poet.

First, they may be entirely utilitarian, easy to read. If they are clear and legibly printed they facilitate the actual task of reading. Our eyes follow one line and leap to another easily, without interruption, and the thoughts roused by the writer flow in without check. Legibility allows the mind to more readily seize upon and digest the text.

Books may also be beautiful in themselves. A page may exist as an entity, be attractive or ugly, well spaced, or badly spaced, as a separate work of art. Each page presents a system of design in black and white. The impression it gives must be considered as a whole, just as one would consider the unified impression given by an etching.

A book then on the one hand, should be an instrument of clear vision, to facilitate, not interrupt, the flow of ideas; on the other hand, it may in itself be a thing of beauty, endowed with its own particular ability to please or displease our sense of taste.

Text as a succession of words and text as pieces of type are two entirely distinct beings. It is not possible to consider both phases at the same moment; attention to one precludes attention to the other. There are many very handsome books which do not invite reading. They exist as artistic masses of black on a white field, but their decorative letters are difficult to make out. Modern literature is not well suited to this too ornate style, dear to German and English texts, nor does it adapt itself successfully to the more archaic forms which copy the style of the fifteenth and sixteenth century letterpress.

In the combination of these totally independent qualities which a book may possess, lies the art of printing. But when printing wishes to respond to the simple need of easy reading it need not necessarily be done by artists. The printer may follow certain mechanical rules which inevitably produce a clear and legible text. When he wishes to combine readability with beauty, he must experiment, and he becomes at once an artist.

The Catalogue As Art

A catalogue that is well got up and that answers its purpose exactly deserves to be called a work of art just as a book. What is the aim of a catalogue? To induce sales. To do so it must first of all find favor, it has to be a well-introduced ambassador, it must have a magnificent appearance, have breeding. It will be read with all the more faith as it displays visual eloquence, that is to say, as it makes use of typographical surprise.

The catalogue has more liberties than the book. The latter is bound by tradition, and sobriety is often its distinction. As for the catalogue, its liberties are unlimited; for graphic arts in general it opens up a new field to all darings. It can be considered, from a certain standpoint, as the music-hall of typography.

There is a general tendency to consider

(*Continued on page 271*)

The AMEN CORNER

THE WHIRLPOOLS and eddies of the summer stream have at last gently dropped the Oxonian again on the strand of the publishing world. All the other recalcitrants of Indian summer holidays are there before him:—the Publisher's Young Man, tragically noble after a bad heart attack on the Maine Coast; Young Harvard, with features still ruddy from hatless days at Forest Hills and fiesta nights on West Twelfth Street; and above all Pamela, nicely tanned and six pounds the worse after untold but suspected adventures up-country.

About the Publishers' Building at 35 West 32nd Street is an aura of renewed endeavor. Mixed bags of new publications are daily emptied upon our library table, the advance agents of a Christmas company. The Oxonian, impresario of books, cannot do better than introduce these handsome heralds of whatever new the realms of thought may hold.

¶ Enter first an impressive newcomer whose arrival has long been trumpeted, *The Oxford Book of American Verse*. Bliss Carman is the anthologist, and few modern collections will wear so well. The form and price will be similar to the other Oxford Books of Verse; publication is promised before Christmas.(1)

¶ Within the next few weeks the Oxford University Press will publish *American Mystery Stories*, selected with an introduction by Carolyn Wells. Even the unemotional flesh of the Inner Sanctum Potentate crept visibly when its august owner read proof of these stories. An ideal book for the train or the rainy Sunday, (the price but One Fifty!). American Detective Stories will follow!(2)

¶ Not all phases of the popular interest in crime should be encouraged, but when a scholar like Boris Brasol, former Prosecuting Attorney in St. Petersburg, (we nearly said Petrograd!) writes a book on *The Elements of Crime*, authorities take notice, and the common reader wisely purchases and is edified.(3)

¶ *The Legacy of Israel* (which is one of the most handsome books for the money the Oxonian has seen) wins high praise in exalted places. No similar study of the effect of Jewish culture on civilization exists, and none is likely to rival it for years to come.(4)

¶ In the field of religious study there are few names more universally honored than that of Friedrich Heiler. The Oxford Press is about to publish an English translation of Heiler's book on *Sadhu Sundar Singh*, the Modern Indian mystic. A translation of Heiler's Das Gebet, that unequalled study of prayer, will appear later.(5)

¶ Miss Ryllis Alexander, the editor of the new *Garrick Diary*, which will soon emerge handsomely in a limited edition, uncovered this interesting document while working for her Doctorate at Yale. She offers a brief account of this Diary (hitherto unpublished) in the last number of the Yale Review.(6)

¶ Two new volumes have been added to the Oxford Reading Courses, now in preparation. These are *The Essay*, by M. Edmund Speare, and *Biography*, by A. C. Valentine. They may be bought separately for One Dollar each, or secured in connection with the accompanying volumes. The Oxford Press will give full information.(7)

¶ The Oxford Best Seller for 1927 will probably be *Modern English Usage*,(8) but the American *Pocket Oxford Dictionary*(9) and Rostovtzeff's *History of the Ancient World*(10) will be close seconds. And there are still various pre-Christmas tricks hidden up our scholarly sleeves!

¶ The recent interest in Colonel Isham's purchase of Boswell material has made us turn again to *Boswell's Note-book*,(11) that convenient and too little known volume edited by R. W. Chapman.

¶ Perhaps the most attractive gift book for the Fall is *Architectural Design in Concrete*.(12) A hundred full page plates depict new designs in concrete the world over, and the text by T. P. Bennett is not only authoritative but interesting.

Corrado Ricci, the famous Italian art critic, has written a book on the Lombard country-side and its artists. The English translation, with handsome off-set illustrations, has just emerged from its publisher at 35 West 32nd Street. The title is *Umbria Santa*,(13)—but be not discouraged by that, for it is a charming and delightful book even for you and me. The publisher's Young Man is going to give one to Pamela, who has been very high-hat of late!

"High-hat" is a bad word. Once used, it owns a man forever, and he can think of no other! —THE OXONIAN.

(1) $3.75 cloth. (2) Each vol. $1.50. (3) $5.00. (4) $4.00. (5) $3.00. (6) about $7.50. (7) each $1.00. (8) cloth $3.00; Oxford India paper $4.00. (9) $2.00. (10) 2 vols. each $5.00. (11) $1.25. (12) $10.00. (13) $4.00.

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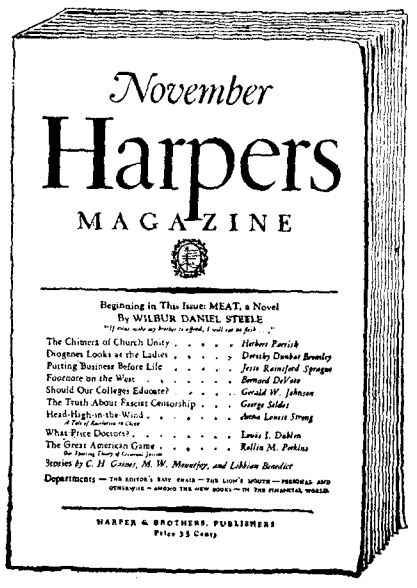
November
Harpers
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The Chimera of Church Unity . . . . . Herbert Parrish
Diogenes Looks at the Ladies . . . . . Dorothy Dunbar Bromley
Putting Business Before Life . . . . . Jesse Rainsford Sprague
Footnote on the West . . . . . Bernard DeVoto
Should Our Colleges Educate? . . . . . Gerald W. Johnson
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THE PHOENIX NEST

WE have received from Mallow Marsh, Scallop Shoal, The Atlantic, the following letter:

Impressed by the very striking likeness of you that now adorns the heading of *The Phoenix Nest* I am constrained to send you this pen-portrait of myself and personal habits which in its limited way depicts the charm of my existence. It is a pleasure to tell you that I greatly admire the structure and contents of your nest, but am surprised to learn from your portrait that a Phoenix can keep so curly.

N. Heron.

Inclosed in the letter is the following poem:

NIGHT HERON

Along the silver edge of night his wings
Print a black scarab on the moonlit shores;
He prowls the beach; with loose-legged hoverings
Alights by ponds hidden in hollowed moors.

Starkly he watches where long grasses limn
Sand tumulous, or pebble-dotted dune,
Or vigil keeps where fluting ripples rim
The reedy creek and marshes shell-bestrewn.

The ancient stars sink in the solemn sea;
The moon's cartouche fades on its palimpsest;
That hoarse sepulchral fugitive cry is he
Raucously passing, flapping to his nest.

Not his with wings that swoop to wheel and turn
Through the dawn cirrus piled upon the East;
While sunrise fires on occult altars burn
The far-off sedges hide an anchorite's feast.

The Lewis Copeland Company, Inc. enter the publishing field with "The Outline of Man's Knowledge," by *Clement Wood.* This will appear next Monday. Talk about outlines! Here is a digest of just about everything in one enormous capsule. We don't know much about this world, so we're going to sit down and read it. We dipped into the "English Literature" and "American Literature" in Book III: The Outline of Literature. There is interesting stuff in them, but we were not satisfied with the sequence and proportion. And then there are some remarkable remarks. We have *Ben Jonson* called "Greater in influence than in achievement . . . a learned classicist, whose witty plays are dull on today's stage." Possibly Mr. Wood is right, but where does one go to judge whether old Ben is dull on today's stage? He certainly doesn't seem to us to be at all dull in the reading. "The intricate *John Donne*" is the only comment that Donne gets, in passing. As for *Milton,* "The splendor of the lines (of 'Paradise Lost') in the grand manner is impressive; but they have a coldness less of Puritan life than of death." Just what this last means, we know not.

The apostate in his sun-bright chariot sat,
Idol of majesty divine, enclosed
With flaming cherubim, and golden shields;
Then lighted from his gorgeous throne, for now
'Twixt host and host but narrow space was left,
A dreadful interval, and front to front
Presented stood in terrible array
Of hideous length: before the cloudy van,
On the rough edge of battle ere it joined,
Satan, with vast and haughty strides advanced,
Came towering, armed in adamant and gold.

However! "The poetry" may be "largely dead to us," "the epic" "a made epic," but for some Milton's "ranking" is not yet seen to "slip quietly down the scale." And how, by the way, can a "ranking" slip down a scale? Later on we come to *Keats* and learn that he is "in pure poetic stature, taller by a trifle" than *Shakespeare!* As the little Southern girl said, "I know you'll all just *love* Keats," and, seriously, our own admiration for this poet is extreme,—but really! Also, on page 418, we learn:

It (*Goldsmith's* "She Stoops to Conquer") and its two compeers, "The School for Scandal" and "The Rivals," by the Irish wit *Richard Brinsley Sheridan,* are all the drama worthy of note between Ben Jonson and the age of *Wilde* and *Shaw.*

This is one of the most unusual statements we have seen in a serious volume for some time. . . .

Clement Wood has been at work for seventeen years upon "The Outline of Man's Knowledge." *Lewis Copeland,* President of the new house, has behind him over twenty years of active publishing experience. He began with *Elbert Hubbard* in the Roycroft shops twenty years ago as a typographer where he produced works selling as high as $300 a copy, he tells us. Later, as vice-president and general manager of the Haldeman-Julius Company in charge of production he produced the "Little Blue Books" to sell as low as three cents a copy wholesale. He has recently been general manager of the Vanguard Press. His present address is 119 West Fifty-seventh Street. He has brought out Mr. Wood's volume in most dignified and attractive fashion. . . .

An editorial program projected by Simon and Schuster, to foster the best phases of the current tendency to clarify and humanize specialized knowledge, includes contracts already signed for the following: The Story of Music by *Deems Taylor,* The Story of Religion by *Charles Francis Potter,* The Story of Art by *Thomas Craven,* The Story of Morals by *William A. Drake,* The Story of Civilization by *Will Durant.* . . .

We, ourselves, would shyly outline our own outline and complete series of outlines and stories which we are now in the process of compiling. It is divided into three hundred and sixty-five chapters, one for every day in the year. We shall mention only a few. I. A Complete Compendium of Everything I have been Thinking About since the Hour I was Born. XV. The Complete Outline of Old Bartending, appended to which is a complete soda-water-fountain guide. XXVII. The Outline of Archæology: Specializing in Flinders Petrie, whose name we always liked as an archæologist. XLVI. A Thorough Outline of Earthworms (with a special chapter on Moles). CII. The Story of Neckties (Leaving out Ruffs; but with a special and extremely interesting section on the Gallows). CCIV. An Outline of the Velocipede, tracing its course with extreme delicacy through the Bicycle to the latest makes of Automotive Vehicles. CCCI. The Story of the Mustache (False Mustaches, Mustache Cups, the Beard, Famous Beavers, The Goatee, Famous Goats; all that sort of thing). CCCLV. The Story of Space (a) *Height* (b) *Depth* (c) *Width* (d) *Length*—or Breadth—or, oh you know! (e) What's it all about if anything? (f) How far does it go—and how long is this kind of thing going on? (g) How long has it been there, —if anybody knows? (h) How to become a Spatialist: in Four Lessons. CCCLIX. Outlines of all the People I Don't Like: Done with Higgins's India Ink on Foolscap. And so on. Place your orders for this devastating volume right off! . . .

From McBride comes the following statement:

It has always seemed to me symbolical that *Jurgen* was arrested on the day that Prohibition went into effect, 16 January 1920, and set free in 1922 on the anniversary of the establishment of American independence, by the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown (October 19).

(Signed)

James Branch Cabell.

Richmond, Virginia,
October 9, 1927.

The second issue of *The Exile,* edited by *Ezra Pound,* will be published in November. The Gotham Book Mart, 51 West Forty-seventh Street, are the New York agents and distributors. Mr. Pound writes from Rapallo, Italy:

Beginning with the second issue, *The Exile* will be published by Pascal Covici of Chicago. The barbarianism of the American copyright law and its legal encouragement of piracy and bad practice are such that I should not have continued the magazine after its first issue but for Mr. Covici's intervention.

Of the *Witter Bynner* Undergraduate Poetry Prize of one hundred and fifty dollars one hundred has been awarded for 1927 to *Sterling North* of the University of Chicago. Twenty-five dollars each has been awarded to *Mariana Staver* of Barnard College and *Lucia E. Jordan* of Smith College. For 1928, Mr. Bynner, whose co-judges are *Marjorie Allen Seiffert* and *Mark Van Doren,* offers the $150 prize under the auspices of *Palms,* of which he is an associate editor.

We wish to thank *F. C. P.* of New York for her kind note and her praise of our new headpiece.

And so an end.

THE PHŒNICIAN.

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Rare and Fine Books

By CARL P. ROLLINS and GEORGE P. WINSHIP

THE title page of a book does not differ essentially from the headlines of a newspaper. Both are primarily advertisements. They must attract attention, call their wares, and conform to the limitations of space. The maker of a title has the advantage of time in which to arrange his material, and he has no excuse when he misleads his readers. Least of all has he any right, like the headliner, to take liberties with the meaning of words.

For instance, in the newest book on printing, which can be precisely and accurately described as "A Short History," someone presumably thought, rightly, that the title would look better if the second line was a long one. So it reads "A Short History of the Art," which is precisely what the book is not. The Preface speaks of the "art preservative," but this does not palliate the misuse of a word which has inevitable connotations. A history of the art of printing, before it finished with the fifteenth century, would necessarily link Augsburg with William Morris and Subiaco with Ashendene; the Estiennes would lead to Bruce Rogers and Vascosan to Merrymount. There is no "art" in a book on this subject which tells of nothing that has happened in England (except by allusions in the chapters on Germany and Belgium) since Boydell's Shakespeare, and which gives two pages to Vermont printing between 1778 and 1780, and two and a half to the nineteenth and twentieth centuries in the whole United States.

Grafton and Company of London have only themselves to blame if a captious critic feels annpoyed at being misled. Under the editorship of Mr. R. A. Peddie, they have brought out an admirable conspectus of what passes as the history of the art preservative. He was able to enlist the coöperation of ten writers, all but one, perhaps, with a recognized standing in the first rank as students in their special fields. Their ten chapters summarize compactly and authoritatively, with encyclopedic wealth of names and dates, what is now known about the progress of bookmaking as an industry, before it came into its own as a widely recognized art. There is one exception, and it is interesting to note, that this chapter, which supplies a very helpful guide for those who would like to know more of the conditions which have made possible the lovely Zilverdistel books, was written by M. Maurits Sabbe, who as Curator of the Plantin Museum at Antwerp might have claimed an especial right to live wholly in the past.

A good many American readers who are interested in such subjects, and who were carried into pretty deep water by the great skill with which the late Professor Carter presented his discoveries regarding Chinese printing, will turn to the brief appendix to learn how the Londoners have reacted to his book. It is therefore left with a presumably independent European invention.

Before there could be any printing, there had to be something, and plenty of it, to print on. It is well established that papermaking was a flourishing industry in Europe by the thirteenth century, but this is far from explaining how the widely distributed presses managed to secure a continuing supply of their most necessary raw material. It is certain that a great deal is not known about methods of transportation, and of merchandising, in later medieval times.

"WHEN a man has more money than he needs for his daily wants he either saves it like a miser, dissipates it as a spendthrift, or becomes a collector and lover of beautiful objects that are not necessities but which nevertheless afford him great amusement, and interest in life." The elemental basis for all collecting has never been more succinctly stated than in this opening sentence from Cyril Davenport's "Byways among English Books", which has just come out (Stokes). It justifies great expectations of the pages that follow.

The key word of the title is equally happily chosen. Mr. Davenport clearly had no intention of sticking to any main traveled route, but wished to feel free to roam as fancy dictated. The result is that he has produced a book that cannot be read with any pleasure, for his mind wanders erratically from paragraph to paragraph. He strays far afield, very far from any thought of verifying the pseudo-information that he takes for granted he must know, by right of long settlement at a desk in the British Museum. Indeed, the permanent value of this volume, to future generations of students of book lore, is likely to be as a record of current misinformation, in this year of grace, as demonstrated by a recognized British authority.

The professional student's confidence is shaken, on page 6, by a casual statement about "any book printed by Caslon," who hired other men to print the specimen books showing his own types. It is shattered on page 10 by the news that "The Grammars of Aelius Donatus to some extent merely resemble in type some of the Costeriana;" and goes glimmering on 13, where Cobden-Sanderson "took up printing at the Dove's Press." The meaning so successfully concealed in the sentence about the Costeriana is matched by others. On page 7 we learn from the Museum expert that "In the British Museum are to be found all the Old Royal Libraries of England, much of which was brought together by Henry, Prince of Wales, the eldest son of James I," which seems to say that the author has a specialist's ignorance that there is anything in that great collection of later date than 1616. There is not much in the account of William Morris to throw doubt on this inference, although the only comment on the Kelmscott Chaucer is unquestionably true, that it measures 16¾ by 11½ inches. Another curious bit of news is that Charles Whittingham and William Pickering, one or both, "cut some very small types with great skill."

The author ought not, really, to be held responsible for the general sloppiness, and occasional illiteracies, of his book. He has been making books for a long while, and grew up at a time when it was customary for the printer's office, the compositor, and the proofreader, to take care of all such unimportant lapses on the part of authors. Time was, not so very long ago, when the compositor looked out for the spelling, and the proofreader took care of variations from normal grammar, along with proper names and literary allusions. The author merely submitted the ideas and a sketch of what he thought he wanted to say. If he failed to express himself intelligibly, the printer saw to it before it went to press. Modern competitive conditions in the printing industry have done away with all this supplementary service. What we ordinarily get now, as in this case, is just what the author writes, in all his intellectual nakedness. The tragic aspect of the situation is that a slip-shod generation is growing up under such conditions. It will buy a book like this one, attractively gotten up, with admirable illustrations, and read itself to sleep in happy wonderment that it had never before known that Caslon was a printer. And this is all the fault of the departed proofreader.

COLLECTORS of Bruce Rogers items will be interested in "B. R., America's Typographic Playboy," an essay on the lighter side of Mr. Rogers's achievement, just published in a limited edition of 500 copies by Richard W. Ellis at the Georgian Press. The book is freely illustrated with examples of Mr. Rogers's *jeu d'esprit*, and the typographic arrangement of the book itself, especially the cover, is delightfully whimsical.

The Catalogue

(*Continued from page* 268)

it as a work of art. Up to the present, the bibliophile disdained the catalogue. Does the book-lover underestimate it because of its advertising? According to that idea then a work is ugly when it is useful? That theory is inadmissible at such an epoch as well-balanced as the one that is now opening. Is it because it is gratis? The basis of bibliophily as a matter of fact resides in the rareness and price of a work.

The true booklover, the intelligent connoisseur, both understand that the catalogue is just as much representative of an era as the book is. It betrays its preoccupations, its intimate motives and nervous system. They understand that by way of the side-track of publicity, the catalogue is one of the best witnesses of art, one of its excellent servants.

"Literary circles in Belgium," says a dispatch to the New York *Times*, "are in a high state of indignation over a new book by the French critic, Daniel Mornet, entitled "History of Contemporary French Literature and Thought." Instead of giving Belgian authors who wrote in the French language a chapter to themselves the author groups them with their French colleagues.

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